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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET, AT THE LYCEUM: ACT III. SCENE 5.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Sermons in stones, we are told, may be found by all who look for them, but toads in stones are more uncommon. We have not, indeed, heard of such a discovery for years, though at one time they were constantly being dug out during the Parliamentary recess. From the heart of a fallen oak, however, one of these sedentary animals has just been extricated, whose involuntary hibernation, it is calculated, cannot have lasted less than half a century. This period of retirement, though amply sufficient for purposes of reflection, contrasts very unfavourably with the long spells of it the accounts of which we used to see in the papers. Dr. Buckland preserved a paragraph of this toad-in-the-hole kind, which has seldom been surpassed as a "fairy tale of science." Two colliers working in a pit in Linlithgowshire "were astonished on breaking a large piece of coal to see a living frog skip nimbly from it. The niche in which it had lived was perfectly smooth, and of the exact shape of the frog. The hind-legs of the animal are at least twice as long as those of an ordinary frog, the fore-legs almost gone. It is of a beautiful bronze colour. It leaped briskly about the moment it was liberated from its dark abode. How many generations it may have been shut up from light and air it is impossible to say; certain it is that although diminutive in form, and with great brilliancy of eye, it is a very antediluvian-looking customer. It inspires us with a kind of fear to be brought into contact with a living being that has, in all probability, breathed the same air as Noah, or disported in the same limpid stream in which Adam bathed his sturdy limbs."

It is seventy years ago that the doctor made those experiments which with all persons capable of appreciating evidence have put an end to credulity in the matter. He caused twenty-four little pits to be dug in limestone and sandstone, placed a toad in each, and gave them a skylight of glass made impenetrable to air and water by a tubing of soft clay. Through this observations could be made as through the spy-hole in a prisoner's cell. They were buried for thirteen months and then dug up. Every toad in the sandstone was dead, and in an advanced stage of decay, while the majority of those in the porous limestone were alive. Before the expiration of the second year all these had also perished. The same thing took place in even a shorter time with other toads placed in holes cut in the heart of an apple-tree. All the toads on which observation was kept appeared to be always awake, but growing perceptibly more meagre. In the cause of science we allow many things to be done of which our conscience scarcely approves. What was done to these toads was done to Constance de Beverly at Holy Isle, and has excited public disapprobation for centuries. Indeed, her case was the less pitiable, for her conduct had really not been exactly right. In her niche of stone—

A slender meal was laid
Of roots, of water, and of bread;

and she was spared the indignity of being placed "under observation" by parties above ground. The conclusion the great geologist arrived at was that toads cannot live a year without air, nor two years without food, and that all stories to the contrary are deficient in proof. Colliers and other ordinary workmen are not good observers, and also have a leaning towards the marvellous. A young toad in its tadpole state may occasionally enter a cavity by a very narrow aperture, and find there abundance of such insects as tempts him to stay and eat; he grows fat and cannot get out again, and when found is pronounced to be antediluvian.

More than once, the poet encouragingly tells us, in our island story the path of duty has proved the way to glory; it is also, we may now add, the road to emolument. John Barry, accused of assaulting a shipmate, had in August been let out on bail, pledged to present himself on a recent date at the Mansion House. In the meantime he tried to obtain employment and failed. Being in Cardiff, and his time for surrendering very short, and having no money, he started to walk to London rather than break his bail. He had to pledge his clothes to provide for food upon his way, and arrived in time, it is true, but with nothing on to speak of, except that honour clothed him as with a garment. He had had nothing to eat for days, but, true to his trust, had subsisted on the bread of honesty. What was the more pitiable, the prosecutor had gone abroad, and there was no one to appear against him, so that he might just as well have remained to enjoy the delights of Cardiff. Everybody in the court was touched, as well they might be. The Lord Mayor (in tears) exclaimed, "Well done, incomparable man; you have demonstrated the existence of virtue; live to form me by your precepts worthy to participate in your friendship." Those were not, by-the-bye, exactly the Lord Mayor's words: the similitude of the circumstances to that of the ancient legend has caused me to confuse what he said with the observations of the Tyrant of Syracuse to Pythias, but they had a similar tendency: "You have acted so well in surrendering to your bail amid such difficulties and privations that here are two pounds from the poor-box."

It is not, unhappily, unusual to break one's bail, but there are few sureties who suffer for it. Accused persons generally give security to those who guarantee their appearance at the proper time. They calculate whether it is worth while "to put themselves out of the jurisdiction of the Court"—that is, to bolt or not. The thing works well enough in practice, for if the crime is very grave, no bail is allowed, and otherwise a man does not become an outlaw for life to avoid running the risk of a comparatively small punishment. Mr. Barry's case, who was his own surety, was different, and much more resembles the parole, or word of honour. This has often been kept, to the credit of the honesty, or rather honour, of mankind, in spite of the greatest temptations. In war, it is very seldom broken, though a late Marshal of France went to his grave under that imputation. Much greater temptations than escape from imprisonment have been withstood. Men have gone back, not only to certain death, but torture, rather than break their word. In modern times such dreadful alternatives have been seldom presented, save among the North American Indians and the Greek and Italian brigands. In the latter case, one of their captives has sometimes been sent away for ransom, upon the understanding that if the money could not be raised he should return and deliver himself again into their hands. It must have been a great test of courage and honour to find oneself free and safe and among friends, and yet to have to render oneself up to lawless ruffians to be dealt with cruelly. Some moralists tell us that no promise exacted under compulsion is binding, but there are principles higher than morals. If I were in such a plight, what I should like to happen would be—what has happened more than once in these cases—that the Government of the country should interfere and restrain my movements by main force; that my heroic resolve should be considered to be equivalent to compounding a felony, and to be prevented at any cost. No doubt it would pain me very much to see the military cutting in (so to speak) between the brigands and my honourable intention, but I think I could survive it.

A well-meaning friend has sent me a parrot, which "as yet" she writes, "has learnt no bad words." She alludes doubtless to its youth and innocence, still I think she might have expressed herself a little differently. She underrates, however, the creature's intelligence as an orator, for he can say—what people never do say, except in novels—"Hilloa!" From his constant iteration of this word, he seems to be afraid of forgetting it. I am in hopes before all my friends come back to town he will be able to address me by name. Robinson Crusoe found this (after the first shock) very soothing and companionable. I am assured that "Joey" (the name he was known by in the forests of South America) has no vice; and if he nips your finger (like his predecessor in "The Princess"), it is "for true heart, and not for harm." Still, he does nip your finger, and whether he does it for love or money (a bet, perhaps), it hurts. The programme as it is set down in the deed of gift was that I was to set his cage open, and insert my finger for his beak to cling to; after which his claws would lovingly attach themselves to my wrist, and we should be great friends. I am thankful to say he resented these overtures with a remark which, if I had not had a certificate to the contrary, I should have taken for an execration. His favourite amusement is to march about the room on two toes, a mode of progression—as, however, alas! are now all modes—that is quite new to me, and to climb the chairs head first. In the forest from which he has only just arrived, I conclude the timber is not polished, whereas the chair-bars are, which gives rise to the most painful scenes. He slides and slips and slants in the most distressing manner, and eventually falls backward on the carpet "saying things" to himself, which, let us hope, are innocent things; however, he has discovered a cane chair, in the seat of which with infinite perseverance he has made a hole with his beak, and thereby can pull himself up. By the time he has destroyed the furniture and learnt to express himself, I am afraid I shall have got fond of this bird.

In Montreal, to judge by its newspaper advertisements, people speak their minds. They do not require idle or sluggish persons to carry on their business transactions. "Wanted," they boldly say, "live men to represent a stock company." Unless the stock is live-stock this seems to demand some theatrical talent, though not much; it is as though some topsy-turvy Madame Tussaud was in want of a company to represent wax figures. From the same paper one gathers that the idea of gentleman and lady helps—if it was ever entertained in the old Dominion—is now played out. "Wanted, a stenographer and typewriter, a man and woman preferred to a gentleman or lady." This is plain speaking, but very good sense.

The writer of "The Coming of Theodora" is one of those fortunate ladies—chiefly American—on whom the mantle of the author of "Cranford" has fallen. To say that they are her equals would be fulsome praise indeed, for "Cranford" is at the top of its class, but they remind us of her in many ways. They treat common things without vulgarity, and invest the most ordinary incidents with human interest. The narrow and scanty society of the

smaller New England towns has not even the advantage of their congeners in this country in the way of variety of character, yet the dull life of Edgecombe (twenty miles from Boston) is here portrayed with such skill and delicacy as Mrs. Gaskell herself would not have disdained to own. There are not, indeed, more than half-a-dozen persons in the story, but they all live and breathe and excite our sympathy with their joys and troubles. Into the little household of Edward and Marie Davidson, both painters in a small but genuine way, and mildly Bohemian in their thoughts and habits, enters Theodora, sister of the former, with quite a flourish of trumpets—

"Why, Ned, she is charming," Marie enthusiastically declared, when she joined her husband. "I have fallen hopelessly, desperately, in love with her. I should love her because she looks so much like you, if for no other reason. How nice it was of her not to make the children kiss her! And how clever she is! Where did she ever learn so much about investments, and the Stock Exchange, and the condition of the poor in Europe? She knows a great deal more about the poor in Europe than we do, although we lived there for eight years."

"My dear," returns Ned, "our minds were wholly taken up with the condition of two of the poor."

Theodora is so clever and so sweet, and so altogether delightful, that husband and wife hardly know how to make enough of her. But unfortunately she is so much too wise and good (especially wise) for human nature's daily food that they have soon not only cause to regret that they ever entertained such an angel unawares, but would have even preferred a visitor of quite the contrary description. With the best intentions she is one of those masterful women who will have everybody happy in her own way, and in no other. She persuades her host and hostess, who are devoted to one another, to go for a fortnight's holiday while she is left in charge of home and the children, and she takes the opportunity of making all sorts of undoubted improvements, even to the renovation of the family grave. Some of them are dreadful to the minds of the artistic pair, but they have nothing to offer but their thanks—

"And now I want you to come into the studio and see what I have done there," she added proudly.

"You haven't done anything to the studio!" said Edward in consternation. "Efficient being! wasn't it enough for you to have the house painted, the buggy renovated, and the barn altered? Wasn't it enough to spruce up the resting-place of the dead Davidsons without sprucing up the working-place of their descendants?"

"Come and see for yourself what I have done," said Theodora, with a smile. "You know you always approve of my alterations after you are used to them." She opened the door into the studio as she spoke. At the first glance Edward saw that it had wholly changed its character. It was a prim room now, exquisitely neat, charming in a way—for Theodora had good taste, with a certain flavour of quaintness about it—a room, in short, which seemed the fitting shrine for some dainty maiden lady, some Miss Davidson of bygone times, but not a comfortable working-place for a poor, average clumsy man and his busy wife.

"Well, you've done it now, Theodora!" he said.

"Done what? Don't you think it is pretty?" she asked anxiously.

"Adorably, deliciously pretty! I was merely admiring your taste."

"You see that I have taken away those dull blue hangings," she went on. "They were charming in colour, but they were too faded and spotted to stay up any longer; and I hope you like the dotted muslin window-curtains that I have substituted for them. I made them myself."

"Have you burned up the hangings?" Edward inquired in a subdued voice.

"Oh no; I have made two lovely cushions out of the best part of them. You can see them over there in the window; and wasn't it wonderful that I was able to match them so well in the new covers for the cushions on the window-seats?"

"I would have given a great deal if you had found it convenient to save those hangings intact," said Edward. "They were full of associations."

"I am sorry, dear, but I didn't see the associations, and I did see the spots; and, besides, now you will have the added association that your sister made them into cushions."

Unhappily, Theodora's improvements are not confined to the furniture: she takes the children out of her sister-in-law's hands, and administers everything a great deal better, it must be owned, but so as to excite the young mother to a sort of gentle frenzy. When things have become absolutely intolerable she opens her mind to her minister, who, like everybody else, is in love with Theodora, and thinks her perfection—

"I wish I could be ill and die," she says; "that would be much the best way out of things. I hadn't meant to tell you, but I must speak to someone or I shall go insane. I am of no account in the world or even in my own family. Theodora is all in all to Edward and the children. I am so weak that I am mentally crippled. I am a moral deaf-mute; I do not dare to say what I think. Mr. Compton, if I am ever insane you will know that I was made mad—not by too much learning, but by too much goodness. When you put a woman like Theodora Davidson into daily contact with a weak creature like myself the results are worse than when the iron pot and earthen vessel go down the stream together. And, after all, isn't it partly the fault of the pot for being too strong?"

The appeal is pitifully vehement, but yet, as the reader readily acknowledges, perfectly justifiable. The moral of the story is that all the talents, and even all the virtues, can be concentrated in an individual, who is nevertheless capable of making herself extremely hateful. To the very last her unhappy host and hostess acknowledge Theodora's excellences; but "Oh, the difference to them!" when they at last get rid of her. They could not have spared a better person, but to spare her is an intense relief. It is difficult to overrate the quiet grace with which the story is related of how, though the coming of Theodora was welcomed with enthusiasm, the news of her departure was hailed with a still greater rapture.

THE NORWICH CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Church Congress has for some weeks pervaded Norwich, but its actual business only opened on Tuesday. The work of Tuesday began with a formal welcome to the Congress by the Mayor, Sir Peter Eade. This took us to the Guildhall, a building which, consistently with the general surroundings, is of ancient date, abounds in dungeons, and condescends to modernity by showing some relics of the Battle of St. Vincent, presented by Nelson. From the Guildhall there was a procession to the Cathedral and the Church of St. Peter Mancroft. The robes of the municipality and of the clergy give some picturesque touches, and the procession is understood to be a detail of the Congress which local residents would on no account part from. The Norwich Congress did not offer a sermon from any ecclesiastic famed as a preacher. It preferred to rest upon the dignity of the Archbishop of York, and the reputation for sound chairmanship enjoyed by the Bishop of Salisbury. To the latter was assigned the sermon at the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, a fine building which dates back to William the Conqueror. The sermon over, the company had to bestir themselves if they wished to hear the President's address. The forces of the Congress were, for most of the week, dispersed over three meeting-places. The largest of these was the Agricultural Hall. St. Andrew's Hall looks like a church, and, as a matter of fact, once served that purpose for the Black Friars. Smaller meetings were accommodated in the Assembly Room.

The gathering which meets to hear the President's address is always impressive. It is the only gathering of the entire Congress until the devotional meeting on its last day. The Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Sheepshanks, had not presided at any previous Congress, and possibly had little experience of them. This may be accepted as some excuse for the great length of his address, which surveyed in a leisurely fashion the extensive field covered by the Congress programme. This over, and the Creed movingly recited by the throng, the rest of the afternoon offered more variety. The Education debate at the Agricultural Hall lost something from the inability of the Bishop of London to keep his half-promise at first given. But Canon Daniel, Canon Scott, and others hammered away at the familiar problem of the Church Schools, their relation to Board Schools, and the suggested schemes for their relief. At the Assembly Room there were mustered the clergy who delight in expounding the clerical duty towards Socialism, Co-operation, and other things, in which the clergy are not, for the most part, very learned. By way of relief to this the old church of the Black Friars was the scene of a practical discussion on Home Missions. The new Vicar of Sheffield (Mr. Eyre), Mr. Winnington Ingram (of the Oxford House), and the Rev. T. J. Madden, a robust and successful incumbent from Liverpool, all discoursed with effect. The evening meetings lasted from half-past seven to half-past nine, and again the subjects were on Tuesday well contrasted. At the Agricultural Hall Bishop Barry, Mr. Athelstan Riley, and others discussed national education in the light of Continental and Colonial experiments in secular education. In the Assembly Room the Foreign Mission party talked over China, Japan, and the Jews. In St. Andrew's Hall the Bishop had a meeting of his own for men only, in which impurity and gambling were denounced with becoming intensity by a couple of prelates, by Canon Scott Holland, and by the Earl of Meath.

Wednesday launched the Congress upon topics of a more special character. It began to be learned, and, possibly as a result, occasionally dull. In the morning the choice lay between a discussion at the Agricultural Hall on the bearing of recent discoveries on the authority and credibility of Holy Scripture, and one in St. Andrew's Hall on the financial position of the Church. Professor Sayce began at the former, and discoursed *more suo* upon the literary character of the Mosaic age and the wickedness of the destructive critics. Mr. Theodore Pinches was equally antiquarian. The other debate was severely practical, and profited, no doubt, by the vigorous pre-Congress efforts to ensure a good attendance. The Dean of Norwich was the only parson among the opening speakers; but he was a host in himself. In the afternoon we were still (agriculturally) in the regions of discovery; this time in their relation to Church doctrine and worship. Professor J. A. Robinson discoursed upon texts; and Archdeacon Sinclair dealt in suitable tones with the Catacombs. At St. Andrew's Hall Prebendary Wace, Principal of King's College, brought us back to religious education, this time in connection with secondary schools and colleges. That once eminent cricketer, the Head Master of Haileybury, followed on the same lines, and something was said as to the organisation of Church opinion upon the subject with an eye to coming legislation. In the evening

the spiritual needs of soldiers and sailors came up; while in the Agricultural Hall a large body of working men listened to some sound and informing addresses on Tithes and Endowments, in which Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., and Chancellor P. V. Smith were prominent. The feature of Thursday was the discussion on "The National Church." The Bishop of Peterborough, the Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Jessopp occupied most of the field in the morning. In the afternoon there was a delightful flavour of Celtic enthusiasm about the speeches of eminent Welsh clergy. Another feature of the same day was the lecture by Dr. Armes, with illustrations, on the "Church Music of Purcell's Period." Friday's interest centred in the Devotional Meeting, and at its end the Congress began swiftly to melt away. The usual conversation wound up the week, but there are to be special services at Norwich Cathedral on Sunday, with sermons by the Bishop of Peterborough, Bishop Barry, and the Dean.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FRENCH WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

The French army under command of General Duchesne, after a laborious and painful march, occupying five or six

more than a third part of the population of that large island, and has never actually subdued the wild Sakalava, Betsileo, and other tribes, to the west and to the south, with whom the French may have to deal hereafter, if they intend to establish a new European dominion in Madagascar. The Hova Queen, with all her Court, and with Rainilaiarivony, her spouse and Minister of State, who is practically the ruler of her kingdom, has fled to the Betsileo country, a hundred miles south of Antananarivo, whither it is not likely that the French army will be able to follow her. We are not yet aware of what has become of the Hova army; but, consisting of mere levies of militia under feudal chiefs, it may have dispersed without attempting to strike a blow in defence of Queen Ranavalona's throne; or some part of her forces may possibly be rallied to her standard in the southern region. In the latter case, the French war of invasion may be prolonged to next year, costing several thousand more lives of French soldiers, and several millions sterling.

During the last few weeks Admiral Bienaimé has been active at Tamatave in order to prevent the garrison of the Hova lines at Farafate from sending any help to the capital. It is reported that he advanced against Farafate on Oct. 3, and probably by this time he is in complete possession of the shorter east coast route to the capital. The Hovas are not likely to hold it now that the French are established on the plateau above them.

Queen Ranavalona III., who has thus had to fly from the capital, is about thirty-three years of age, and is said to be a clever and high-spirited woman. She is of medium height and slender build, is somewhat darker than most of the Hovas, has fairly regular features and very expressive eyes. The native costume probably suits her better than fashionable European dresses, but of the latter she was wont to have plenty, and from Paris too. She succeeded to the Madagascar throne twelve years ago, and upon doing so was promptly married by Rainilaiarivony, the Prime Minister. He had stood in the same position in relation to her predecessor, nor was this his first wife, for that was a Hova lady, the mother of Robonoma, who, after his father, has been a considerable figure at the Malagasy Court. The Prime Minister has, to all intents and purposes, been the master of Madagascar for fully a quarter of a century, but perhaps his career, if not Ranavalona's also, is now closed.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

Probably no Shaksperian revival of recent years has created such a divergence of appreciations as Mr. Forbes-Robertson's essay into management at the Lyceum with "Romeo and Juliet." Most of the critics, however, agree that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet has some excellent moments, and the scene in which she is represented in our illustration, sitting in her chamber after Romeo has left, suits her dramatic temperament, for she greets Lady Capulet's proposal for her to marry Paris with haughty scorn. Mr. William Harford, who paints this particular scene, has done his work admirably. "Romeo and Juliet" will always be a popular play—it is so intensely human—and it is so seldom seen in London that the playgoer is unable to make those comparisons with which the professional dramatic critic tortures his mind. It is probably for that reason that the production is a success.

THE REBELLION IN CUBA.

The Spanish Government has made great military efforts during the past six months—without decisive results, so far—in its present task of subduing the widespread colonial insurrection which threatens to deprive it of the large and valuable island of Cuba, almost the sole remaining portion of its once famous West Indian and American empire. Marshal Martinez Campos has more than fifty thousand of the best troops that Spain can supply now under his command; but there are so many detached bands of insurgents, under bold and active leaders of guerrilla warfare, moving about in different parts of the country, that the defeat of one or another, here and there, cannot be deemed conclusive with regard to the final result. Cuba is nearly as large as Great Britain, and the greater part of its shores is not accessible to navigation for the Spanish cruisers and gun-boats, while no large rivers give access to the interior, much of which is obstructed also by mountainous ranges. It will require continued efforts, probably for several months yet, to subdue the rebellion, which appears to be supported by most of the European population, and to aim at political independence. Our illustration represents one of those forts which are generally placed round large sugar plantations. The attack takes place at dawn, and, if successful, the plantation's machinery and plant are set on fire, involving a great loss.



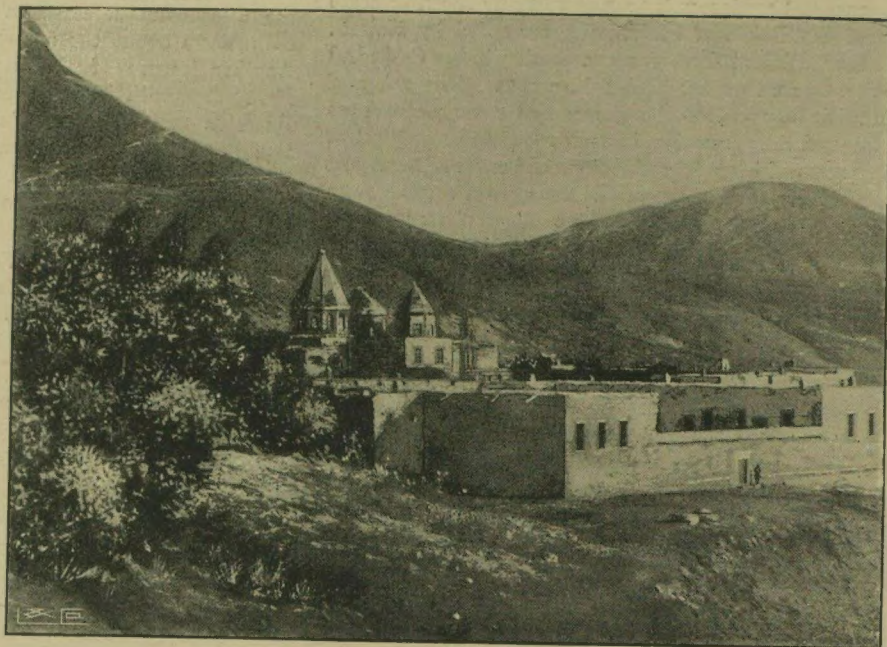
RANAVALONA III., QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

months, over the rugged highlands and forests between the north-west seacoast of Madagascar and the central Hova kingdom, Imerina, has reached the capital, the city of Antananarivo, which was abandoned by the Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, without any fighting. This event took place on Friday, Sept. 27, and the news of it arrived in Europe on Tuesday, but we must await further particulars before concluding that the Hova army will not fight somewhere else, or that Queen Ranavalona will at once submit to all the French demands, which amount to a complete surrender of her political independence. Antananarivo, situated two hundred miles inland, but nearer to the seaport of Tamatave, on the eastern coast, than to Mojanga, which was the starting-point of the French military expedition from the north-west, is a considerable city, with a population of more than 100,000, and with some good buildings of brick and stone, English and other missionary churches, and residences of British, French, and American merchants. The capital, however, being the only town of any importance in the interior of the country, and being difficult of access through the want of roads, has not yet produced much effect of civilisation in the surrounding districts. These are still in an almost barbarous condition; and the Hova aristocracy, who are generally slaveholders, have not shown great zeal in forwarding the schemes of domestic reform approved by the Queen's Government. The Hova nation is of a Malay Polynesian race, more like the East Asiatic than the African type of mankind, and capable, no doubt, of superior modes of life; but it does not constitute

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS.



ARMENIAN PEASANTS COMPELLED TO GO TO RUSSIA FROM KURDISH OPPRESSION.



ARMENIAN MONASTERY, VARAK, NEAR VAN.

The agitation in Turkey, excited by the claim of the Armenians to be protected against cruel outrages inflicted upon that oppressed people by their Mussulman fellow-subjects, has broken out in Constantinople in riots and street conflicts, which have already cost much loss of life. It is now a twelvemonth since the atrocious massacres of the inhabitants of several Armenian villages in the remote Asiatic provinces of Sassoun, Sivas, Bitlis, and Van; and six months ago the British, Russian, and French Governments jointly presented to the Sultan, after careful inquiry and deliberation, their scheme for the better administration of those provinces under European control. The Porte, or Ministry of State, actually ruling the Ottoman Empire, has not yet accepted that scheme; and it appears that the Armenians forming large and important communities in all the great towns of Turkey, and occupying separate villages or districts in many parts of Asia Minor, resolved upon a formidable demonstration. The fighting and massacre which took place last week in the capital city of the empire must be separately related in our "Home and Foreign News." We need here only give a few notes descriptive of the Armenian country and nation, some of whose ordinary home aspects will be interesting, as shown in our Illustrations. Portions of the extensive region formerly bearing that most ancient name, from the Caucasus in the north to the mountains of Kurdistan southward, and eastward of Asia Minor to the Caspian Sea, have long since been annexed to the Russian or to the Persian Empire. That



ARMENIAN MOUNTAINEER OF SHADOKH.

which still belongs to the Turkish Empire is a high-land country to the south of Mount Ararat and to the east of the river Euphrates, embracing the sources of the Tigris and the lakes of Van, Sevan, and Urumiyeh, with a population of about two millions, not including that of Erzeroum, which has become more Turkish than Armenian in its character. The chief towns are Etchmiazin, the ecclesiastical capital, Van, Erivan, and Urumiyeh. Many districts have a fertile soil, producing grain, fruit, cotton, and tobacco, and furnishing pasture for herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. The inhabitants are simple peasantry and villagers, always peacefully disposed, their ancestors having submitted to many old conquerors in turn, Macedonian, Roman, Persian, the Greek Empire, and that of the Seljuk and the Ottoman Turks. But they are incessantly plagued by the warlike and lawless Kurdish tribes on their southern and eastern borders, from whose plundering raids the feeble Turkish Government affords them no protection. It is even alleged that some corrupt Turkish governors connive at the inroads of the Kurds, taking a share of the booty. Here is a deplorable state of affairs, which would, in all probability, be only made worse by an Armenian insurrection, while there is no sign that Russia contemplates any armed interference at the present time, and the Western Powers desire, as long as possible, to obviate the further dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. A most difficult problem is presented by this phase of the "Eastern Question."



TYPES OF ARMENIAN WOMEN, PROVINCE OF VAN.



ARMENIAN PEASANT WOMEN WEAVING TURKISH CARPETS.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION: INSURGENT ATTACK UPON A FORT NEAR VUELTAS.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Balmoral has been accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her daughter, and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. Sir Matthew White Ridley has arrived as Minister in attendance. The Bishop of Winchester and the Very Rev. Professor Story have been at Balmoral as guests of her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales, after attending the Leeds Musical Festival on Thursday, Oct. 3, left Kirkstall Grange, the seat of Mr. Ernest Beckett, returning to London. His Royal Highness afterwards went to Deepdene, Dorking, on a visit to the Duchess of Marlborough and Lord William Beresford, and this week to Newmarket.

The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by her sister, Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, on Monday opened a bazaar at the Public Hall, Croydon, in aid of St. Andrew's National Schools. The Mayor of Croydon, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., Mr. Alderman Edridge, and the Rev. W. F. Randolph, Vicar of St. Andrew's, received her Royal Highness.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been holding a private conference at Westminster of some leading members of the Church, including the Bishops of London, Winchester, Hereford, and Rochester, to consider how to support the claim of voluntary schools giving religious education to an increased Government grant, on account of the compulsory abolition of school fees.

The London County Council on Tuesday resolved to postpone till next year the consideration of the plan devised by its Improvements Committee for a new wide street connecting Holborn with the Strand, and for the removal of the Holywell Street block, at a cost of two millions sterling.

At the meeting of the London School Board on Thursday, Oct. 4, a letter was read from Lord George Hamilton, resigning the office of Chairman, on account of his being now Secretary of State for India. The annual report of the Works Committee shows that this Board has expended close upon three millions sterling in the value of sites for new schools, besides £407,000 costs of purchase.

The sudden change of the weather on Wednesday, Oct. 2, was accompanied with a strong north-west gale, which caused several disasters on the coasts of the Irish Sea and of the Bristol Channel, with the loss of five or six lives in some instances, where vessels were driven ashore, or fishing-boats foundered in a heavy sea.

The Local Government Board inquiry, conducted by Colonel Ducat, R.E., and Dr. F. W. Barry, at the Hackney Town Hall, concerning the deficient supply of water to the eastern parishes of London during the prolonged frost and subsequent drought in the earlier months of this year, terminated on Saturday, Oct. 5, with the speeches of counsel for the Parish Councils or vestries, and for the East London Water Company, upon the evidence which had been obtained. The Government Inspectors would visit the storage works and consider their report.

The fourth anniversary of the death of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was celebrated at Dublin on Sunday, Oct. 6, by a procession of Irish Nationalists from St. Stephen's Green to the Glasnevin Cemetery. Eleven Parnellite members of Parliament were present; the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin came in their state carriages; the Mayor and Corporation of Cork, and many local delegates, as well as members of Dublin trade unions and workmen's clubs, joined in the demonstration.

The National Free Labour Association, which is opposed to the action of the trades unions in disputes between working men and their employers, has been holding its congress at Newcastle, and has severely condemned the conduct of Mr. John Burns, and of other trade unionist leaders, upon the occasion of the dockers' strike in London. A deputation from this association is to have an interview with the President of the Board of Trade.

The Elcho Challenge Shield, won for England in the rifle-shooting competition at Bisley for this year, was delivered by Earl Waldegrave, captain of the English team of eight, to the Lord Mayor of London at Guildhall on Saturday, Oct. 5, to be kept as a trophy until Scotland or Ireland shall have won this distinction. The military ceremony was attended by an escort of the Hon. Artillery Company and detachments of other Metropolitan Volunteer regiments.

The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia has received at St. Petersburg a special messenger—Colonel von Moltke—from the German Emperor William II. with a friendly invitation to a shooting-party near Eydtkuhn, on the Russian frontier of Germany, following up the recent complimentary mission of Prince Hohenlohe, the German Imperial Chancellor, to the Czar Nicholas.

The King of Portugal has arrived in Paris for a short stay before going on to visit his uncle King Humbert of Italy, and has exchanged visits with the President of the French Republic.

The funeral of M. Pasteur, the eminent physiologist and scientific discoverer, took place in Paris on Sunday with a procession from the Pasteur Institute to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the Mass and other religious services were performed by the Archbishop of Paris. The President of the Republic, with the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and Prince Nicholas of Greece, and the foreign Ambassadors, including Lord Dufferin, were present at this ceremony.

The advanced column of the French army in Madagascar reached Babay, twenty-five miles from Antananarivo, on Sept. 25, while the Hova troops retired, burning the villages and removing or destroying whatever could supply provisions for the invaders. On Sept. 27 the French arrived at the capital, which they captured without resistance, the Queen and the Prime Minister having abandoned it, retiring to the south.

A deplorable railway accident took place in Belgium, between Wavre and Ottignies, on the night of Oct. 6, by collision of a detached engine with a passenger train. Eighteen passengers were killed and nearly a hundred

were injured. M. Beernaert, President of the Chamber of Deputies, was in the train, with his wife and sister-in-law, Madame Mourlon. He was not injured, but Madame Mourlon was killed, and Madame Beernaert received a slight contusion.

We have observed in a preceding article, more particularly describing the Armenian provinces of Turkey, that the protracted diplomatic controversy between the Sultan's Government and the European Powers has unhappily provoked fierce impatience among the numerous Armenian section of the population in the capital, and in other large cities. In Constantinople alone their number is reckoned at 150,000, practising various trades and industries, and usually the most peaceable folk in that city. But there is some cause to fear that the sufferings of their kindred in the eastern provinces have excited a revolutionary spirit among them, and that they have assumed a threatening and aggressive attitude. On Monday, Sept. 30, when a religious festival of the Armenian Church was held in the Koum Kapou Cathedral, a deputation approached the Patriarch with an address, requesting him to head the movement and to demand of the Porte immediate concessions of the proposed reforms in the provincial government. The prelate having declined this rash step, exhorting them not to break the laws or disturb public order, they declared that they would have liberty or death, and marched towards the Porte in a tumultuous procession. They were stopped by a party of Turkish police, under command of Major Servet Bey. He ordered them to disperse; but the Armenians, who carried revolvers and knives, attacked the police, killing Servet Bey, and fighting began, the police firing on the mob, who were presently driven back, some twenty of them being killed and forty wounded. Next day there was more fighting in Galata and other parts of the city, where the Softas or Mussulman religious zealots connected with the chief ecclesiastical high school, armed with clubs and bludgeons, led a general attack upon the Armenians; and some of the Kurdish, Circassian, and other barbarian rabble hanging



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF PRESIDENT CARNOT,
AT FONTAINEBLEAU.
UNVEILED BY PRESIDENT FAURE, SEPT. 29.

about Stamboul perpetrated savage outrages unchecked by the police, breaking into khans and closed shops and private houses, slaying many people and doing all their worst, as in the provincial scenes of ferocious havoc last year. This example was followed next day in the suburban villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, where many dead bodies were cast into the water. Altogether the slaughter may be reckoned at two or three hundred. A crowd of women and children were sheltered and taken care of in the garden of the British Embassy at Therapia. The Armenian churches and the Patriarch's residence were filled with other fugitives. There were councils of Ministers at the Porte, interviews with the Sultan at his palace, and conferences of the foreign Ambassadors, from day to day. The Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, was dismissed on Wednesday night, and Kiamil Pasha was appointed in his stead. Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, had an interview with the new Grand Vizier on Friday, and insisted upon the immediate acceptance of the scheme laid down on May 11 by the three European Powers, to be announced by a "hatt," or imperial decree of the Sultan.

The inquiry held at Ku-Cheng, in the Chinese province of Fu-Kien, concerning the massacre of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, his family, and the English lady missionaries on Sept. 1 has been relinquished by the British Vice-Consul at Foo-Chow on account of difficulties raised by the conduct of the Chinese provincial and local officials. The Vice-Consul proceeds to lay the case before Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the British Minister at Peking.

The Italian troops in Abyssinia, under command of General Baratieri, have fought a battle against Ras Mangascia, the lieutenant of the Emperor Menelik in the province of Tigré; but the result is not yet precisely known.

At Lorain, in the State of Ohio, U.S.A., on Oct. 6, by the fall of a platform with a crowd of people assembled for the laying of the foundation-stone of a new church, nearly twenty persons lost their lives.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There has been a lull in the theatrical world, but only the calm that comes before the storm; so perhaps I may be permitted to stray into one of these oft discussed, sometimes harassed, but still defiant music-halls—I beg pardon, variety theatres. The moment is opportune. The Theatres and Music-Halls Committee of the London County Council has decided to wipe the slate clean of last year's absurd legislation. The principle is at last to be tried of letting the people govern themselves a bit, and of freeing the lovers of amusement from obstinate and persistent tyranny. Let me briefly describe what has been done up to the present moment. The purity party has been extinguished. The new Amusement Committee of the new London County Council has boldly advocated a policy of liberality and free trade, and recommended to the general Council that those dreadful black sheep, the Empire and the Palace, shall be whitened, and that what is sauce for the goose shall be sauce for the gander all over London. So far, so good. But the purity party will not allow the matter to rest where it is, safe in the arms of common-sense. They have signed a round robin to protest to the general body of the London County Council, denouncing the spirited action of the Amusement Committee, and they have assembled under the leadership of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Mr. T. Morgan Harvey, and stated that "The suggestion of the Licensing Committee will, if adopted, give absolutely unnecessary facilities for drunkenness and vice, and will greatly encourage influences which lead to the corruption and degradation of the people." Now, I honour and applaud the men who could conscientiously sign that document if they believed it to be true. And I honestly think that they do believe that the freedom of amusement, open drinking instead of secret drinking, promenades, liberty, openness, and frankness do lead to the "corruption and degradation of the people." But what I want to know is, how far have these conscientious men and women studied the question on which they talk so glibly and condemn so hastily? I claim to have done so. I have been writing about the amusements of the people and visiting theatres and music-halls week in, week out, without cessation for over thirty-five years. I know what amusements were in 1860. I know what they are in 1895. Now, I desire to give my evidence in direct contradiction to such as conscientiously believe that free, open, and above-board entertainments degrade, corrupt, and demoralise the people. I will take the case of the Alhambra. This is one of the most popular places of amusement in London, which has mysteriously been left alone. When other promenades were shut up, the Alhambra kept hers open. When they put out pipes and cigars elsewhere, the Alhambra patrons might smoke like so many furnaces. When refreshment-bars were hacked down, just as the costly decorations of our old cathedrals were hacked and hewn down in the days of the Reformation, the Alhambra people could take an innocent glass with their friends in the open, and were not driven to secret drinking and bar-lounging at the back. All was fair and above board at the Alhambra. Now, what is the result of this freedom and fair play? Drunkenness? There is not a sign of it. Vice? It may be there, as it is everywhere, but you have to ferret it out and nose it out to find it. Where is the "degradation," where is the "corruption," at this enormous palace, which has been left alone and allowed to work its salvation by its own methods? What do I find to corrupt or degrade at the Alhambra? I find two beautiful ballets. One is directly founded on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of William Shakspeare; the other is a splendid poem in action, the famous Border ballad of "Young Lochinvar" of Sir Walter Scott. This is the very first time that I have heard there was a degrading or corrupting influence in Shakspeare or Sir Walter Scott, and yet I find them both on one evening in the largest variety theatre which has not come under the reforming Chant principle, and has grown to excellence, to decency, to order, and to propriety by being left healthily alone. Between these poems in action, which could not call a blush to the face of the veriest prude, I heard a fine rendering of a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" by the admirable band conducted by M. Jacobi. Was anything like this found at the Alhambra when it first blossomed into a music-hall out of the old Panopticon? Would Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Wagner have been dreamed of in 1860, when every means were taken by the Legislature, by the licensers, and by authority in general to carry out the old text, "Those that are filthy, let them be filthy still." The music-halls of 1860 were not allowed to improve. When they struggled to be free, they were thrust back into chains again. What was the direct evidence of Mr. George Edwards the other day? He said, and boldly said, that the obnoxious Mrs. Chant restrictions prevented him from improving his programme as he would have liked to do. And so, according to my experience, it has ever been with popular amusement. Hamper them, they sink. Leave them alone, they rise.

I had an opportunity during my visit of interviewing Mr. Alfred Moul, the courteous general manager of the Alhambra, and he assured me that such was the success of liberty in enabling him to improve the programme that the directors were using every effort to turn refreshment corners into seats, not on moral, but on practical grounds; and provided safety could be secured, the much discussed promenade would vanish, because seating accommodation was so eagerly sought for. "It is the greatest mistake in the world," said Mr. Moul; "to suppose that the public comes here to drink or lounge. They come here to see the entertainment. When it is good they come in shoals. When they do not like it they stay away. Our effort is to give the best possible entertainment we can for the money, and we shall continue to do so, provided we are left alone!" And this order, this advance, this clinging on to Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott, this beautiful music, and this most orderly entertainment would in less than a year be degraded to buffoonery, vulgarity, and hideousness if the Puritan were allowed to flash his fateful and destroying sword. They never will understand that amusement elevates far more than it degrades.

PERSONAL.

The Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople has lately come into public notice by reason of his endeavours to restrain the disturbances in the Turkish capital. Matthew Izmirlian was formerly a school-master; but, entering the Church, he was ordained in 1864. His progress was speedy. In 1878 he was chosen vice-president of the Ecclesiastical Council, and two years later he became adviser to the Patriarchate. He was



Photo Clarke and Davis, Museum Street.
THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Bishop of the Armenians in Egypt from 1886 to 1891, after which he returned to Constantinople in very poor health. Early this year he was enthroned as Patriarch amid the usual brilliant ceremony in the Cathedral of Koum Kapou. He has great influence over the community; but that was swept aside in the recent uproar, a clear proof of the height of the excitement in Constantinople.

For several reasons Deepdene, the charming seat of Lord and Lady William Beresford at Dorking, where the Prince of Wales stayed from Oct. 5 to 7, may claim to be a place of more than ordinary note. The fine eminence adjoining the town of Dorking contained in the Deepdene estate commands extensive views over Brockham, Betchworth, Reigate, and many other beautiful Surrey villages; and it seems probable that this was an important site in early times. Antiquarian authors tell us that this place was used by our remote ancestors for the performance of religious worship and sacrifice. Camden considers that the "dene," or deep vale, whence the name of the place arises, resembles a Roman amphitheatre, or rather a theatre. "Now," he says, "it is most ingeniously cast and improved into gardens, vineyards, and other plantations, both on the area below and on the sides of the enviroing hills, with frequent grots here and there beneath the terraces leading to the top; from whence one has a fair prospect of that part of Surrey and Sussex as far as the South Downs, for near thirty miles outright."

For centuries this estate was in possession of the Howard family, and the first, or one of the first, to make this a residence was the Hon. Charles Howard, son of the seventh Earl of Arundel. Evelyn, who paid a visit to Deepdene during this possessor's lifetime, mentions the rare plants, caves, and "an elaboratory" he saw there. In process of time this estate came into the possession of Charles Howard, the tenth Duke of Norfolk, who being a man of quiet disposition and literary habits sought the seclusion of Deepdene. Here he erected, on the site of the house occupied by his predecessors, a new mansion, which forms a portion of the present edifice.

Deepdene's claim to celebrity as a place associated with literature is perhaps not less strong than that it enjoys as a storehouse of artistic treasures, and as one of the most beautiful of natural situations for a residence. It was here that Thomas Hope, the owner of the place, in the early part of the present century, amidst the combined glories of nature and art, penned his famous "Anastasis; or Memoirs of a Greek," a work over which Byron, as he himself confessed to the Countess of Blessington, bitterly wept, for two reasons—one of which was that he had not written the story himself, and the other that Hope had written it. Benjamin Disraeli was a frequent visitor, and in the noble library here he wrote his magnificent romance "Coningsby." Keats is also associated with the place, for it was while staying at Burford Bridge Hotel, situated just under the shadow of that portion of the Deepdene estate known as Box Hill, that he wrote part of his "Endymion." Jeremiah Markham, the translator, rests in the churchyard at Dorking.

Death has deprived the medical profession of one of its most distinguished members, Surgeon-General Sir Thomas



Photo Jerrard, Regent Street.
THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL SIR T. LONGMORE.

Longmore, C.B., who died on Oct. 1 at Swanage after a short illness, but a long career of useful work in the public service. The son of a surgeon in the Royal Navy, he was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Guy's Hospital. After obtaining his medical qualification, he entered

the Navy, and subsequently served with the 19th Foot Regiment in the Ionian Isles, the West Indies, and Canada. Surgeon Longmore went through the Crimean War, and on this bloody field his surgical skill was in constant requisition. He received the war medal with three clasps, a Turkish medal, and the Order of the Legion of Honour in recognition of his valuable services. He subsequently was present during the Indian Mutiny, on his return from which in 1860 he became Professor of Military Surgery at the Army Medical School, Netley, where for a number of years he devoted himself to teaching and preparing men for the service of the State, contributing valuable treatises on surgery to medical literature, for which he was made an Hon. Surgeon to the Queen, C.B., and subsequently K.C.B. The French Government at the same time made him an officer of the Legion of Honour; while a number of other honours flowed in upon him in his later days. He was in his seventy-ninth year at the time of his death.

Lord Halifax had a lively experience in the chair at a meeting of the Church Congress. Norwich has witnessed quite unwonted excitement in that assembly. Some opponents of Romish tendencies in the Church made themselves conspicuous by vigorous interruptions of speeches supposed to be directed against Protestantism. The chairman, who does not represent a distinctively Protestant element in the Church, came in for a share of vociferous reprobation. No particular harm was done, and all parties seem to have enjoyed a breezy day.

Miss Ada Cavendish, who died this week, was one of the most distinguished English actresses of our generation. At one time, indeed, she was without a rival in a certain class of emotional parts. Her two greatest successes were Mercy Merrick in Wilkie Collins's "New Magdalen," and Lady Clancarty in Tom Taylor's famous historical drama. Many playgoers can still recall the admirable scene between Miss Cavendish and Mr. Henry Neville, then the best romantic lovers on the stage—the scene in which Clancarty meets his wife, from whom he has been separated by political troubles. The tender womanliness of Miss Cavendish's acting in that episode is still a pleasant memory. In the "New Magdalen" she anticipated all the later heroines "with a past," and surpassed them in emotional force. Miss Cavendish was also successful in the precarious enterprise of theatrical management. She married Mr. Frank Marshall, the well-known man of letters, who died a few years ago.

At the advanced age of eighty-three Admiral the Hon Sir James Robert Drummond, G.C.B., Gentleman-Usher

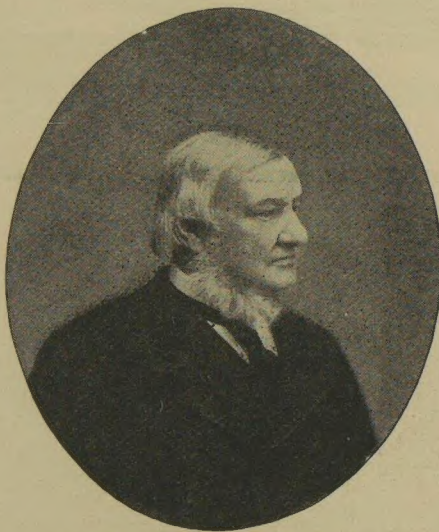


Photo Fall, Baker Street.
THE LATE SIR JAMES R. DRUMMOND, G.C.B.

of the Black Rod, died on Oct. 7. He was the second son of the eighth Viscount Strathallan, and had a distinguished naval career with stirring experiences in the Crimea. He was Commodore of Woolwich Dockyard from 1859 to 1861, afterwards acting as Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard. He was

knighted in 1873, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron from 1874 to 1877. Since 1883 Sir James Drummond has held the office of Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod, and in this capacity has made infrequent visits to the House of Commons as the bearer of official messages. His handsome, venerable appearance well suited the quaint costume associated with his ancient office. Signor Carlo Giuliano, whose recent death in the prime of life will be regretted by connoisseurs on both sides of the Atlantic, was in every sense an artist. Trained under the influence of Castellani, and among those designers and workmen who were then endeavouring to raise the standard of Italian taste and style, Giuliano was brought up in the best traditions of the goldsmith's art, which for five centuries has flourished in various parts of Italy. While quite a young man, he came to this country, and for many years was the chief designer for an English firm which acquired great reputation for the novelty and taste of their jewellery. It was not unnatural that the workman should have been anxious to obtain some of the credit which his employers monopolised. But twenty years ago the relations of master and men, especially in art-industries, were different from what they now are. Acting, therefore, under the advice of friends who promised him their support, Giuliano started for himself, and in a very few years attained an almost unique position in his special line. His aim was excellence, and to its pursuit he devoted the energies of his character. Whether in reproducing the ornaments of remote antiquity or the more modern productions of the Renaissance period, he showed the same earnestness and equal appreciation of the highest standard of work. His career was marked by three distinct periods, during which he thoroughly identified himself with three special branches of his art. In the first period he devoted his attention to *granelli* work, which consisted in incrusting small particles of gold on artistic designs; he next set to work to show the almost infinite resources of the less esteemed Ceylon gems, of which the varied colours lend themselves to every fanciful combination. But Giuliano will be chiefly known as the most perfect master of modern enamel-work, in which he was able to show his thorough grasp of the art of design. His colours were always subdued, and his workmanship often so delicate that its real

value could only be realised by the closest inspection, but it always had a cachet of distinction which few, if any, other workers in the same line attempted to emulate. He never cared to push himself into notoriety by the usual methods, and was content with the knowledge of having put his full powers into his work, and with the appreciation of those who really cared for and understood its beauty. All that was personal in it must of necessity die with him, but he distinctly left his mark upon the jeweller's art of this country, and the taste which he cultivated will doubtless stimulate others to follow in his footsteps.

Missionary enterprise has lost one of its leaders by the death of the Rev. Chauncey Maples, Bishop of Likoma, who was

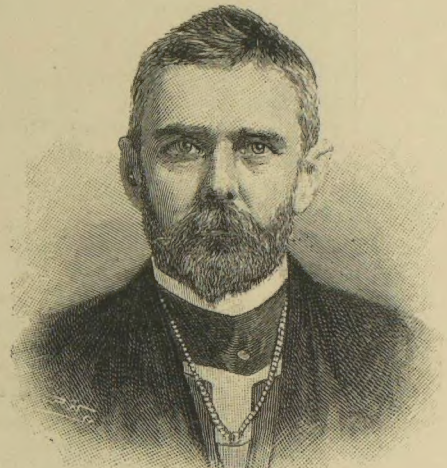


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE BISHOP MAPLES, OF LIKOMA.

drowned in September while returning to his diocese in Nyassaland. The Bishop had been on a visit to this country, where his venerable father, Mr. Frederick Maples, lives, and had addressed several audiences on the subject of missions, so that the news of his drowning has been received with peculiar sorrow by a large circle of friends. Soon after Mr. Maples had taken his degree at Oxford, he joined the Universities Mission and went out to Zanzibar, where he was ordained priest, by the late Bishop Steere. After about a year's work, he went into the interior of Africa, and laboured at Masasi and Newala. In 1886 Mr. Maples became Archdeacon of the Nyassa country; and on the resignation of Bishop Hornby, he succeeded him as Bishop of Likoma, which is an island twelve miles square, on Lake Nyassa, six miles from Portuguese dominions. The Bishop was an enthusiastic worker in this interesting field of labour; he spoke three distinct dialects, and compiled a grammar and a vocabulary of another. One of his works—the translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Yao, will remain to accomplish good long after his death. Far away from civilisation, he bravely did his duty, earning the esteem of the natives; and sad indeed were the tidings which told them of his death.

One of the best-known figures in Roman society has disappeared. For forty years Mr. W. W. Story, the eminent sculptor, was to English and American visitors inseparable from the intellectual associations of Rome. Mr. Story was well known as an author, and was a friend of Longfellow, Russell Lowell, and several distinguished English writers of a bygone generation.

Civic honours are being heaped upon a considerable number of peers. The Duke of Norfolk is Mayor of Sheffield, the Marquis of Ripon has been asked to accept a similar distinction at Ripon, and Lord Crewe at Crewe. This municipalisation of the House of Lords may be a preliminary to the acquisition by that body of a popularly representative character.

The chief Liberal Whip, Mr. T. E. Ellis, M.P., is on his way back from South Africa. He hopes to arrive in time to be present at the first of the series of meetings to consider the matter of Liberal organisation.

Mr. Arthur Somervell, whose new lyric "The Forsaken Merman" was a feature of the Leeds Festival, is already

known to fame in the musical world, chiefly by his "Helen of Kirkconnel," which was produced by the Philharmonic Society in 1893. He is a native of Windermere, and now only just over thirty years of age; was educated at Uppingham School and then at Cambridge. After graduating he studied

music at the Hochschule of Music in Berlin and at the Royal College of Music, at the latter institution being a very favourite pupil both of Professor Stanford and Dr. Hubert Parry, who even in his student days prophesied great things of him. His first work was a Mass; which was given by the Bach Choir in 1891; then came "Helen of Kirkconnel," which was repeated in Cambridge and Glasgow; and this year he has already had "The Power of Sound" produced at Kendal.

By an error of memory we attributed the portrait of the Very Rev. C. W. Stubbs, D.D., Dean of Ely, in our last issue to Dr. Wickham. The mistake was obvious to all who know those gentlemen.

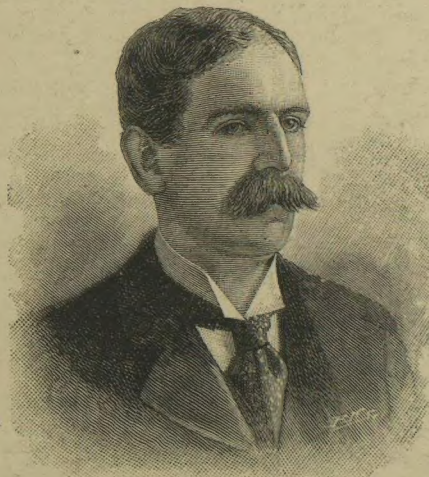
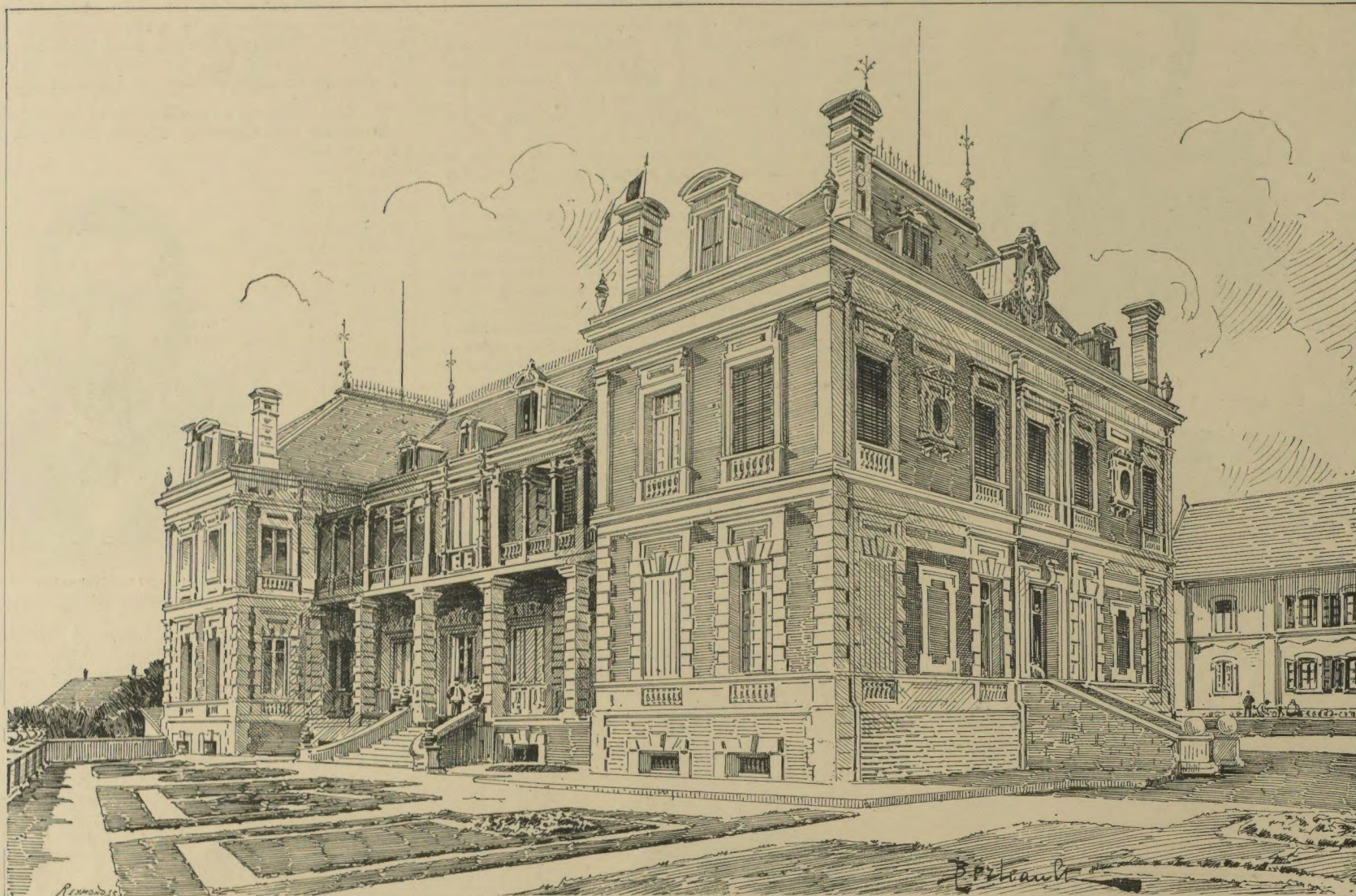


Photo F. Mortimer Savory, Cirencester.
MR. ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

THE CAPTURE OF ANTANANARIVO BY THE FRENCH.



RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE AT ANTANANARIVO.



ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR, CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH ON SEPTEMBER 27.

The DAY of Their WEDDING



BY W. D. HOWELLS.

III.

It was bright day when she came back to him from the sleeping-car, but he had not yet awakened. She stood looking down at him and smiling, and presently he started awake and stared distractedly up at her before he could pull himself together and say, "Well, well! Did you sleep pretty well?"

"I rested pretty well," she answered. "How did you?"

Lorenzo laughed. "I guess I slept pretty well, but I don't believe I rested very much. But I've got the whole day to rest in now." Althea had Friend Ella Shewall's hat and sack both on, and she waited for him to realise the fact before she sat down. "Well, well," he said in recognition, "that sack is nice."

"Well?" she urged, as if she felt a disappointment in his tone.

"Well, what do you think?"

"It don't seem to go exactly with the dress."

"Nay," said Lorenzo, with his laugh. "It makes you look like the world-outside one-half, and the other half Shaker."

"Yee, it does," said Althea forlornly; her chin trembled a little, and her eyes threatened tears. "I guess it's all we're ever going to be, too, Lorenzo; half Shaker and half world-outside," she added bitterly. "I guess I better go back into the sleeping-car and put on my old shawl and bonnet again."

"No such a thing!" cried Lorenzo. "I guess we'll see about that when we get to Saratoga—we must be pretty near there now. Set right down here, and I'll go back for your things."

"Nay, the coloured man said he would bring them." Althea sank into the seat and got out the handkerchief, broad as a napkin, which she had brought from the Family with her, and wiped the tears from her eyes. Then she bowed her face into it, and her little frame shook with the sobs she smothered.

"Well, well!" groaned Lorenzo in an anguish of tenderness.

Althea suddenly took her handkerchief away and controlled her face. "There! I am ashamed, Lorenzo."

"Nay, don't you say that, Althea. You've got just as much right to cry as anybody, and I want you should cry."

"Nay, I've got through now," said Althea; and to prove it she smiled up into his face so radiantly that he laughed, and she laughed with him.

The porter with her bag and parcels perhaps thought he had arrived at a fortunate moment. He set the bag respectfully at her feet and kept a smiling face on Lorenzo while he arranged the parcels almost decoratively on her lap. Then he lingered a moment; the smile died on his face, and he went mournfully away. They both felt a gloom in his manner, and were sensible of a vague reproach in it.

"What was it, Lorenzo?" she asked.

"Well, that was just what I was going to ask you, Althea," said Lorenzo. They wondered over the incident

among the foliage that everywhere masses itself over the town. "This must be it," said Lorenzo; and they looked at each other in a sudden fright. "No use being scared about it now," he added, as he resolutely gathered up Althea's belongings and stood aside to let her get out of the car. The conductor, who took her elbow to help her down from it, let Lorenzo shift for himself, and the embarrassment they felt was relieved for them both by his dropping some of the parcels and their having to pick them up from under the feet of the crowd thronging into the station. She made him let her keep some of them now, and they passed through the station to the street beyond, where there was a clamour of carriage-drivers and a rank of stately hacks and barouches and light, wood-coloured surreys and phaetons. The drivers swarmed upon them, but as they stood silent and motionless under their burdens the drivers dropped off one by one, like dogs that have rushed out at a passer and have failed to make the expected impression upon him. At last they were free, and they walked from the station under the flank of a mighty hotel into a wide street, where they found it one hotel of many, with sweeping piazzas and narrow pillars springing into the air like the stems of tall young trees. The street was freshly watered, and smelled of the dampened dust; it was set with elms, and under their arches stood vehicles of the same sort and variety as those at the station. Some drove slowly up and down through the sun and shadow; but their drivers, after a glance at Lorenzo and Althea struggling along under their parcels, intelligently forbore to invite them to a morning drive.

"I guess we sha'n't want to go to any hotel just yet," said Lorenzo. "We can get breakfast at an eating-house, if we can find one."

"Yee," Althea timidly assented.

They had to walk up and down a long while before they found an eating-house. Lorenzo began to be afraid there was nothing but hotels in Saratoga. They trudged along, staring at all the signs, and the shopkeepers, sweeping the dust of their floors across the pavement to the gutters, had to stop for them to get slowly by or else sweep it against them. Althea knew that Lorenzo looked well, but she was smitten with a sense of her own inadequate appearance, and she tried to shrink as much out of sight as possible.

"Here's one at last," said Lorenzo, stopping at a doorway. "Go right in, Althea," he added to her at a certain faltering she showed. "It's all right. It's just like the one Friend Nason took me to in Fitchburg."

It seemed very splendid with its mirrors and marble-topped tables and bent-wood chairs, and it overcame Althea with the surprise and then the indifference it showed in the shining black waiter who came forward after a moment, as if their custom were not expected or much wanted at that hour in the morning. But Lorenzo was not afraid. He asked if they could have something to eat; and then the waiter said he guessed so, and he took their parcels and set them against the wall by the table he chose for them.

so sadly closed, and their minds were not wholly taken from it until they drew in sight of Saratoga and the train began to slow. They ran along the backs of some simple houses whose yards and gardens were shorn off by the track, and then the vast bulks of the hotels began to show

Little groups of flies had knotted themselves into rosettes on the marble where it seemed to have been imperfectly cleansed; others paraded across it in black files. There were a great many flies in the long, narrow saloon, and the air within was faint and dull, as if it were the air of the evening before, and had been up all night there. A man was wiping a marble counter with a soda fountain at one end of it. At the rear of the room a boy was taking down the chairs which stood on the tables with their legs up.

Lorenzo asked Althea what she wanted for breakfast; and when she could not think, he told the coloured man he guessed they would have beefsteak and coffee and hot biscuit. The coloured man said they had no hot biscuit yet, and he suggested hot cakes.

"Well, hot cakes, then," said Lorenzo; and he said to Althea that he guessed hot cakes would be full as well, anyway.

Before he brought their breakfast, the waiter spread a large napkin over the marble before them, and that forced the flies into a momentary exile. They rose into the air, but they did not go far; they remained circling round overhead and humming angrily till Lorenzo's order came, and then they settled down upon the table again, and brought with them, apparently, all the other flies they knew.

The steak was very juicy and tender, and when the cakes came from the place where an old negro stood frying them on a slab of soapstone with gas-jets underneath, they were very good too. But the coffee was green in colour when they had poured their small jugs of milk into it, and thick with grounds.

Not much like our cocoa at the Family," said Lorenzo for a joke.

Althea let fall a small "Nay" like a tear, and pushed her cup a little from her without seeming to know it.

But Lorenzo had seen the act of repulsion, and he called over his shoulder to the waiter, who stood behind him watching Althea: "Haven't you got any cocoa?"

"Chocolate," said the waiter impassively. "That do?"

Lorenzo saw Althea's face brighten, and he said, "Yee—yes, I should say," and then Althea and he laughed together at the joke that puzzled the waiter. They were very gay over their breakfast when he came back with the chocolate, though they were dashed a little at going when the same gloom that they had noticed in the sleeping-car porter fell upon their waiter, after Lorenzo had gathered up all the change he had brought them.

"What is it, Lorenzo, seems to come over them so at the last? He was so polite when we sat down, and took our bundles and everything, and he didn't even offer to hand them back when we left."

IV.

They were out on the sidewalk again, and were pushing aimlessly ahead under their burdens. The air felt fresher outside, and a breeze had begun to stir. "I don't know," said Lorenzo. "I guess they're rather changeable, that's all. Now, Althea, I can see that you're troubled about that dress of yours, and I want you should go into some of these stores with me and see if we can't match your sack better."

"Do you truly, Lorenzo?" she returned, in a flutter of pleasure. "Well!"

"Yee; I want to see you in something a little more seasonable. It's summer, and I'd like you to have—well, a white dress, I believe."

"But that wouldn't go any better with the sack than this one."

"Well, I guess we can find a sack that it will go with then," said Lorenzo. "I always heard that they got married in white, anyway. I want you should look like other folks."

"Yee," Althea assented, a little faint with her consciousness.

They passed a good many stores where there were dresses hanging at the doors or in the windows, but Lorenzo showed himself very fastidious; and although Althea thought some of them would do, he would only say that they could come back if they did not see anything that suited them better.

"I saw some dresses in a store under that big hotel down yonder a piece, and I want to ask about them first. Didn't you notice them?"

"Yee, I did. But isn't it rather of a fashionable place?"

"That's just what I'm looking for," said Lorenzo, and Althea laughed tremulously.

When they came down opposite the hotel he boldly led the way across the street, and would not let her falter at the shop door. "Now you come right in, Althea. I know more about the world-outside than you do," he said in an imperative whisper.

He was blushing too, though, when he set their things

don't say *yee*," she promptly retorted, in undertone, "You keep saying it too." And as if she had plucked up courage from inculcating him, she added to the shopwoman, "I should like something that would go with this sack and hat."

"Oh, well, then," said the shopwoman, as if she now understood exactly, and in a tone that transferred her allegiance instantly from Lorenzo to Althea, "I have something here very pretty and very cheap," and she took up from a heap of dainty dresses thrown across a table a frock of white muslin, trimmed with ends and knots of cherry ribbon, and fluttered over with lace and ruching and ruffling. "This is *very* cheap," she said, looking at the tag on it, and then drawing it over her arm with her right hand and holding it out to survey it with a glance of her sidelong head, in which there was an eye that studied both the young lovers. "It is quite a dream—and imported. It would fit you perfectly, Madam. We're about at the end of our season for summer things now, and you could have this—it's marked thirty-five—for twenty-five."

"I think," said the shopwoman, "that Madam looks superb in that dress, and she must have the cape with it. Her black sack is very nice, but it's a little out of style, and it's rather more of a spring and fall garment. Don't you think the hat is very becoming, too? The ribbon is the same as that on the dress." She touched a knot of it on the hat, and another knot of it on Althea's breast, and Lorenzo felt as if his own heart were under the place. "As the season is passing I can let you have them at the same reduction as the dress. I should have wanted twenty-five for the cape at the beginning of the month, and fifteen for the hat. You can have them both now for twenty-five—just fifty in all. And there isn't a stitch needed in any of them."

"They do seem to fit," said Lorenzo.

"She could wear them into the street this moment," said the woman.

Althea said nothing. She let her eyes fall.

"I guess we shall have to take them," said Lorenzo, and he got his pocket-book out.

Althea turned suddenly upon him. "Don't you do it



"Will it do?" she entreated, with a smile.

down on the floor, and a tall, handsome woman came flowing forward to meet them, between counters gay with hats and bonnets, and clothes-trees with sacks and jackets, and figure-frames with gowns that swept the floor with silken trains. The shopwoman looked at them with a blush as bright as their own or brighter, but subdued to a softer effect by the film of powder that had got a little into her eyebrows.

She glanced inquiringly from one to the other, and at Althea's vain gasp she said to Lorenzo, as if he were an old man of the world, and they could understand each other perhaps better, "Is there something I could show Madam?"

"Yee, there is," said Lorenzo. "We wanted to get some kind of a dress, if they a'n't all too dear."

"We have all prices," said the woman, and she touched different gowns as she spoke. "Seventy-five dollars, one fifty, sixty-two and a half, forty-five."

"You wanted something in cotton goods, didn't you, Althea?" asked Lorenzo artfully, so as both to escape from the offer of these garments, which he did not wish to discredit by refusing them, and to bring Althea into the transaction.

"Yee, I did." And when Lorenzo whispered, "Yes—

Lorenzo stood agape, but Althea did not seem to know that he was even there. She was rapt in the ecstasy of the pretty dress. "Could—would you let me try it on first?"

"Why, certainly, Madam. Just come with me."

Althea followed like one led by a spell. Lorenzo sat down on one of the revolving stools before a show-case filled with ribbons, with Althea's bags and parcels at his feet. It seemed to him that he sat there a long time. While he waited the shopwoman drifted in twice—once to fetch away a coquettish cape from one of the clothes-trees, and once to take a gauze hat from a peg. Then nothing happened for a time; and he had begun to wonder what was keeping Althea when he lifted his downcast eyes and beheld a vision.

It was Althea and it was not Althea. It was Althea as she would look, he suddenly thought, in the spirit-life, if spirits could be as beautiful as people on the earth, and have some of the danger in them. He could only deeply murmur "Well, well!" and stare and stare.

"Will it do?" she entreated, with a smile that had a heavenly splendour in it.

He shut his mouth and swallowed, and then opened it again, but he could not speak.

unless you feel you'd ought to, Lorenzo. If it isn't right, I don't want you should do it."

"Oh, I guess it's all right," said Lorenzo, and the shopwoman confirmed him in the opinion.

"It would be simply wicked for Madam not to have them."

"Yee, it *would*!" said Lorenzo more heartily, and he paid the bills over on the counter.

The woman took them with an absent air, as if she too were bewitched with the beauty she had adorned. "The hat would look ever so much better, of course," she said, "if Madam's hair was the natural length. You must come back when it's grown out, and let me show you another."

It seemed a joke, and they laughed. Lorenzo said boldly, "Yee, we will." And then he said, to help get away, "Well, Althea, I guess we must be going."

"Oh, then, Madam will wear the things at once? Well, that is right. Where did you say I should send the old ones?"

The shopwoman addressed Lorenzo, and he blushed—he did not know why. "Well, we haven't gone to any hotel yet. Could—could we leave them here a little while?"

"Certainly, by all means," said the woman. "What name?"

"Well," said Lorenzo, and he thought a moment, "I guess you better just put Lorenzo Weaver on."

"Very well," said the shopwoman, and she wrote it down on a piece of paper which she pinned to the sack friend Ella Shewall had lent Althea. In the midst of all that finery it now looked very common and shabby. Lorenzo said he would come round for the things a little later, and she said politely, "Oh, any time!" and she followed them to the door. "I wish," she said, "I could have seen Madam with her hair long. It's such a pretty shade. Cut off in sickness, I suppose?"

"Yee," said Lorenzo; and as they issued upon the sidewalk he was aware that Althea shrank from him, perhaps rather spiritually than corporeally, and yet really. "I know," he pleaded, "that I oughtn't to have said that, Althea, and I hated to do it as much as you would. But what could I do?"

"Nay, we seem to have to tell lies whenever folks speak to us," said Althea sadly.

"Well, it a'n't lying exactly, or it a'n't so considered in the world-outside. It's considered just the same as putting folks off. I suppose we've got to conform in such things."

"Oh, yee," she sighed.

They walked along in an unhappy silence till Lorenzo said: "Those shoes, Althea, don't seem to go exactly with the rest." He looked down at the little feet which flatly patted the ground in the roomy gear of the Family.

She looked down at them too, and she assented in a rueful "Nay."

"I want to see if we can't find you something a little more like," he said, and he laughed to see a slight lift come at once into Althea's gait.

The young man in the shoe-store made Althea sit down for him to unlace her shoe, and then, when he had put on the russet ties, which he said were the thing she wanted, felt her foot all over to see that the fit was perfect. Lorenzo thought that they ought to have a woman for that, and he could see Althea blushing and shrinking as if she thought so too; but he noticed another young woman trying on pair after pair of shoes under the same conditions, and he decided to say nothing about what was so plainly the custom of the world-outside. The shoes were certainly very pretty, and when Althea suffered him to see the points, the very sharp points of them, beyond her skirt, it seemed to him that her feet had gone to nothing in them. "A'n't they a little tight, Althea?" No use getting shoes that will hurt you."

"They don't feel so," said Althea conscientiously.

"You'll find more room in a sharp-pointed shoe lady," said the shopman, ignoring Lorenzo in the matter, "than you will in a broad-pointed. Keep them on? All right. Where shall I send the old ones?"

Lorenzo explained, as he had to the modiste, that they had not got an hotel yet, and he asked if he might not call for the shoes later; and he had them marked with his name. "Seems to me you're a good deal taller than you were before, Althea," he said, when they were out on the sidewalk again.

"Yee; these shoes have got heels, and they seem to be pretty high." She no longer swung forward with the free gait he had always thought so beautiful, but walked mincingly, like the fashionably dressed ladies of the world-outside, whom they now began to meet more and more. He thought Althea was as well dressed as any of them, and he made her come into a gay little shop with him and choose a parasol. "Got to have something to keep the sun off now your old bonnet's gone." And Althea laughed with him at the thought of it. She chose a white parasol with white silk fringe, and when the shopwoman suggested gloves she chose a pair of white ones, which the woman put on for her. Lorenzo bought her a lace handkerchief, and the woman showed her how to tuck it in at the waist of her dress, where she said handkerchiefs were worn now.

"Lorenzo," Althea said, with coquettish severity, when they were in the street again, "I'm not going another step with you unless you get something for yourself now."

"What do you want I should get?" he asked fondly, with his heart in his throat.

"You ought to know," she returned, almost pertly.

"Well," said Lorenzo, "I been thinking I'd look full better in this hot weather with a straw hat."

"Yee, you would," said Althea; and they went into a men's furnishing store, where the shopman advised a straw hat with a very low crown and a very wide brim, and a deep ribbon with vertical stripes of red and blue. Lorenzo took it, and he took a necktie of white silk, which he was advised was the latest style, and he put it on at a little mirror in the back of the store. When he came forward with his new hat on a little slanted, he could see the glow of pride in his looks which came into Althea's face.

"Like it?" he asked. But it seemed as if she were too full to speak, and he resumed carelessly, after he had given the shopman his name, and promised to call for his old hat and tie, "I don't know, but we'd full as well go to some hotel now, Althea, and get our things sent there."

"Well, if you say so, Lorenzo," she answered demurely.

"I declare, I don't know which one to go to though," said Lorenzo. "We sha'n't be here often, I presume, and I should like to go to the very best; but if we asked

anybody we shouldn't know whether they were right or not about it."

They stopped and stood looking up and down the street at the different hotels as they showed themselves in the perspective, but they could not make a choice.

"I wish we had asked that woman at the dress-store," said Lorenzo dreamily.

And Althea assented with an anxious "Yee, she could have told."

"We might go and ask her now," said Lorenzo; "and yet I kind of hate to."

The driver of a gay, wood-coloured surrey, who was slowly walking his horses up and down with an eye abroad for custom, placed his own interpretation on the wistful air of the young couple standing at the edge of the sidewalk and looking into the street. He pulled up beside them before they were aware. "Carriage? Take you to the Lake for a dollar! Drive?"

Lorenzo hastily whispered Althea: "We could ask *him* which is the best on the way. And—and, Althea, we have got to ask somebody about a minister!" She questioned his meaning with her eyes, and he added: "To marry us."

She flushed and looked down, and admitted faintly: "Yee."

"The driver could take us to a good one."

The driver waited patiently for the end of their conference, though they had not yet answered a word. He suggested: "Take you through the principal streets first and not charge you anything more."

"I guess we better, Althea," said Lorenzo; and she let him help her into the surrey with a soft "Well."

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Regret has been expressed in various quarters over the absence of the name of Viscount Halifax from the list of selected readers and speakers at the Church Congress. It is explained that the President of the English Church Union is to have the platform to himself at the Assembly Rooms on the eve of the Congress, when the subject of "The Unity of Christendom" is to be discussed. Lord Halifax will be supported by Mr. Athelstan Riley and Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, the young Norwich Churchman who accompanied him on his mission to the Pope.

The Rev. W. H. M. Aitken, whose experience as a missionary gives his opinion great weight, says that missions do not produce the same effects as in past time because they have now lost the charm of novelty, and so many methods have been tried people are tired of them. As Mr. Moody said, they have burnt down the whole country. Mr. Aitken does not approve of what are called teaching missions.

One of the most successful of women workers has passed away in Harriett Nokes, the Mother of St. Mary's Home, at Stone, near Dartford. She was born in Birmingham and spent the whole of her life in the recovery of the fallen. Her results were remarkable in themselves, and encouraging to those who have at times been tempted to despair. One who knows her well says that no one could have failed to note the sanctified common-sense which marked her conduct of affairs; the calm enthusiasm with which she worked in a cause always dear to her heart; the sense of humour which is never lacking in a truly devout soul; or the untiring energy with which she entered upon schemes for the furtherance of the work of rescue in which she was engaged.

The gatherings of the Congregational Union at Brighton have been considered singularly successful, so far as the attendance and enthusiasm at the meetings have been concerned. The standard of the speaking has also been unusually high. Among the most important discussions was that of the institution of a sustentation fund; but it is evident that Congregationalists are hardly prepared to take so decided a step in the direction of Presbyterianism.

The *Churchwoman* has been commenced, and, making allowance for the difficulties of a first number, may be considered fairly promising.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been preaching at St. Michael and All Angels' Church, Croydon. One who was present reports: "The fine high altar was veiled in a gold frontal, and above was a canopy; the altar presented the appearance of a blaze of light, as over sixty tapers were lighted on it and round it, and this seemed rather suggestive of the Roman service of Benediction, and hardly like an English church. Lights were also burning on the altar in the beautiful chapel on the south side of the church, and the sanctuary lamps in the chancel were also lighted. The Archbishop was attended by his chaplain, who carried his Grace's jewelled cross, and another attendant, who carried the silver mace. After the sermon there was a procession from the altar round the church, the parochial crosses and banners being carried, and the Archbishop, following with his own cross and attendants, proceeding up to the altar, where his Grace, standing in the centre, gave the blessing."

It is feared that the west front of Peterborough Cathedral is in a very dangerous condition. The restoration committee have decided to erect a scaffolding at once, so that a thorough examination may take place. Already about £1300 has been subscribed for the purpose, and an appeal is being made for further funds.

The Central Church Committee will soon open its winter campaign. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the committee are inviting diocesan secretaries and some prominent workers to meet them at the Church House.

The Bishop of Durham officiated at the reopening of the parish church of Stockton, which has been restored at a cost of £3000.

The Bishop of Newcastle is much better, and hopes to be at the Church Congress. The Bishop of London cannot be present.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have seen and talked to Pasteur at least a dozen times within as many years, and once or twice he took great pains to explain his experiments to me. Unfortunately, my absolute want of scientific training prevented a full understanding, but even if it were otherwise, these columns would not be the place to discuss such problems. Of one thing I feel convinced, though: Pasteur was a very great man; and inasmuch as "great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company," I would say a few words about Pasteur in private life. It is difficult, but not quite impossible, for we must remember that this savant had no hobbies, no fads, and that apart from his science he was not a brilliant talker. The moment the conversation drifted away from that one subject his interest in it became somewhat lukewarm. He rarely went out on mere amusement bent, except to go to the Luxembourg hard by, where now and then he might be seen in front of some magnificent landscape, by preference those of his friend and protégé, Auguste Pointelin, which reminded him of his own country, the Jura.

"I have no regrets in life," he said one day in my hearing. "If I had to dispose of it once more I should order it as I have done, knowing full well as I do that the student of science cannot serve two masters. Yet, I do regret that I cannot spare a little time now and then to paint. I wonder whether my friends are right—that I should have become a great painter if I had 'stuck' to it?"

I am inclined to think that Pasteur would have become a great painter, although I have only seen one specimen of his work—the portrait of his mother which used to hang in the dining-room in the Rue d'Ulm. It reminded me very much of the work of Franz Hals, and yet that jolly, festive burgher of Haarlem, who had to be seen home every night by two of his pupils, was an utterly different being from the sober Franc-Comtois, who amid the gaieties and attractions of the gayest and most seductive capital in the world, scarcely knew the way except that which led to the Institute on the Quai Malaquais. One day I told Pasteur what was passing in my mind, and he laughed outright, the only time I have seen him laugh.

"I should like to see a portrait of your Dutch friend," he said. I tried my best, but failed to procure one; instead of which I told him stories of the master of Adriaan Brouwer and Adriaan van Ostade. "Yes," he remarked, "there is a very great difference. I doubt whether I should have ever been as jolly as that; and yet there is a resemblance between those sturdy, stiff-necked Dutchmen and the Franc-Comtois. My countrymen are also very tenacious of their rights. But," he went on, "you must not judge my poor skill as a painter by that portrait of my mother. If a man can paint at all, he is sure to produce a striking likeness of his mother, whom he knows better than anyone in the world. It is one of the two portraits a painter may paint without his model. The other one is the woman he loves best next to his mother; it may be his wife or his mistress, that does not matter much. Still, the portraits will be different. A man with such a mother as mine was can only paint her in one mood, for she has never displayed any other to him; he paints her as a guardian angel, and but for his 'modernity' he would give her wings. That is not quite the case with one's wife. She is not always in the same mood towards you, however good she may be."

"I do not say this from personal experience," he went on; "for if ever a wife had to be indulgent to her husband, it is mine. She had to begin making allowances for me the very day we were married; nay, before we were married. Do you know what happened on my wedding-day? Well, I forgot that it was my wedding-day. The bride and all her friends were at the church; the only one for whom they were waiting was the bridegroom. After an hour they went to my lodgings. 'M. Pasteur,' said my landlady in answer to their inquiries, 'M. Pasteur had his breakfast as usual, and went out as usual. You will probably find him at his laboratory.' And that's where they did find me. It had slipped my mind that it was my wedding-day."

This is only one sample of Pasteur's absent-mindedness. There was at the Ecole Normale—where, previous to his removal to the Rue Dutot, Pasteur lived—a very long passage in which of an evening he liked to pace up and down unattended by anyone. Unless his friends addressed him by name, they might walk by his side and he would remain profoundly unconscious of their presence. He was often lost in dreams, and fell an easy victim to the Paris Jehu, who on wet days drove him from the Rue d'Ulm to the Quai Malaquais, whither he went twice a week. The driver had only to say "A l'heure, Monsieur"; and then to drive him round and round. Pasteur never moved. As a matter of course, several of them took advantage of this to charge him for an hour or two. They never did it a second time, for Pasteur could be very pugnacious—provided he knew he was in the right.

RECENT WARFARE IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Sketches by Captain F. S. Dugmore, R.N.R.

On Aug. 12 Admiral Rawson, C.B., with 600 seamen, marines, Soudanese and Zanzibar troops, and 800 porters, commenced a five days' march overland from Mombasa for the reduction of the great mountain fortress of Mwele. He was accompanied by General Sir Lloyd Mathews, K.C.M.G., with the Consul-General, Mr. A. H. Hardinge, C.B., and a staff including Flag-Lieutenant England; Admiral's secretary, Mr. W. H. Rowe, R.N.; aide-de-camp, Mr. Grogan, R.N.; campmaster, Lieutenant Calthorpe, R.N.; principal medical officer, Dr. Wilson, R.N. The first division was commanded by Captain MacGill, R.N. (H.M.S. *Phoebe*), with Commander Underwood (*Raccoon*) as second; Major Denny commanding marines, Lieutenants Kennedy and Hill commanding companies of seamen, and Lieutenant Cowan a Maxim gun, landed by the *Barrosa* (one of the four taken with the column); the second division by Captain Egerton, R.N., Lieutenant Christian second; Lieutenants Prowse, Carpendale, and Fraser (R.N.R.) commanding companies of seamen, and Lieutenant Parks, R.N., in charge of 7-pounder gun. Commander Stokes-Rees, R.N., had charge of the carriers, and Captain Marx, R.N. (H.M.S. *Barrosa*), of the base and communication lines; Mr. J. W. Tritton commanding the Zanzibaris when in action.

The enemy was first encountered on Aug. 16, when, by means of a cleverly laid ambuscade, whence fire was opened on the head of the three-mile long column at about thirty yards, he attempted to dispute the passage of a shoulder of Ndolo Mountain, simultaneously attacking another part of the long line, of which the end had not emerged



DISTANT VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS OF MWELE, STORMED BY ADMIRAL RAWSON.



STORMING OF MWELE: ADMIRAL RAWSON ENGAGING MAIN STOCKADE WEST FRONT AT FIFTY YARDS, WHILE SEAMEN AND SOUDANESE FORCE THEIR WAY INTO THE JUNGLE.

from the previous night's camping-ground. Here General Mathews was shot in the shoulder. The pass was ultimately forced after musketry, Maxim, and artillery fire, and the force bivouacked for the night within sight of Mwele, though separated from it by a long stretch of most difficult country. On Aug. 17 Admiral Rawson, after a preliminary bombardment by the 7-pounder and rockets, attacked the eastern and western fronts of the fortress simultaneously, Captain MacGill's division being sent three miles round to reach the eastern or seaward face, in view of Gazi, eighteen miles distant, and garrisoned by our forces. The position, three miles in circumference, and 1300 ft. above the sea, somewhat resembles Portsdown Hill, crowned with dense and lofty forest, and was defended by forty-eight different stockades, impervious to musketry and light artillery, only two being visible. Both fronts were engaged at close quarters, fifty and eighty yards respectively; and, proving invulnerable in front, were most brilliantly carried by flanking movements, companies of seaman and Soudanese forcing their way into thickest jungle and effectually turning the works, killing the Arab General in command (a son of the arch-reclitrant Mbaraka), and putting the defenders to headlong flight.

Admiral Rawson's remarkably well-conceived plans, gaining a maximum of advantage with a minimum of loss, were a theme of general highly appreciative remark. He, as well as his secretary, Flag-Lieutenant, and A.D.C. (wounded at his side, as was Lieutenant Kennedy, in carrying the eastern front under cover of the close-

range fire of Major Denny's marines and Lieutenant Cowan's Maxim), exposed himself freely in the hottest corners of the field, where Mr. Hardinge displayed an equal disregard of danger. Over a ton of powder was captured, as well as standards and ammunition. The defences have been razed to the ground, the town burned, and broad avenues blown through the protecting forest by means of guncotton. Two officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, Lieutenants W. J. Fraser and F. S. Dugmore, took part in the engagement, the former in command of a company of seamen who did specially good service in turning the western defences.

The Colonial Office has been advised by telegram from Mr. Maxwell, Governor of the Gold Coast, that Sir Francis Scott, who was summoned to England to confer with the War Office as to the steps necessary in the event of the dispatch of a military expedition to Kumassi, left for this country on Sept. 27. Sir Francis Scott is expected to arrive in London about Oct. 20. He will probably be the bearer of a good deal of useful information, which will be valuable to the Home Government in the future. The state of the country which Sir Francis has just left is still very unsettled and calls for attention from the Colonial Office as well as from the military authorities at the War Office. In too many cases we are not concerned as to the causes of hostile outbreaks, but are only interested in the methods employed in quelling them. Sir Francis Scott has, however, gone into the root of this matter.



BATTLE OF NDOLO MOUNTAIN: ADMIRAL RAWSON FORCING THE PASS WHILE HIS COLUMN IS ATTACKED FROM THE FOREST IN FRONT AND FLANK.



"A GREAT SECRET."—BY GABRIEL NICOLET.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CYCLING.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The psychology of cycling sounds rather learned, and, indeed, the thoughtful man has probably long pondered it and hesitated as to writing about it to the *Spectator*. Till lately my own position has been that of M. Henri Taine in his discussion of the passion of love, to him at that time unknown. Like M. Taine, I knew not cycling; like him (in the interests of science merely), I went forth and learned how to byke. My limbs at this moment are black and blue in consequence of kicks received from various bykes and falls on red sandstone terraces. That I am an accomplished or a rapid cyclist I would be the last to aver. Speed in locomotion, personally conducted, has not been my aim; I merely wanted to know what cycling is like, and why people suffer from what the Homeric critics in France call *la manie cyclique*, a mania which ravaged Greece about 600 B.C. As far as I have gone (and I have gone over banks and braes which it was my intention to avoid), cycling is the longest, slowest, and most circuitous route between any two given points. As the intoxicated person said, "It is not the length of the road, it is the breadth of the road that bothers me." And yet it is never broad enough!

The early days of the cyclist are spent in getting kicked by the pedals, and in falling off in postures of a complexity to which art can scarcely do justice. Never have I been so suddenly, so variously, and so vigorously foreshortened! Michael Angelo himself could scarcely draw the violent and perplexed attitudes which the beginner adopts; and to see a beginner practise in evening dress by moonlight is a spectacle which haunts, I am assured, the dreams of observant beauty. This course of enjoyment goes on till, in some happy hour, you can achieve four turns of the machine, and then you awake from bliss in a hedge or a ditch, among nettles or on a heap of stones. After that begins the wobbling stage, in which you abide for an uncertain period. Then you learn to go steadily enough for forty yards, and after that, from the point of view of the philosophical cyclist, the fun is over. All consists in learning to break in a new machine, and to balance yourself in a manner never contemplated by the law of gravitation. The rest, in spite of fashion, is vulgar. To see a bishop on wheels, apron and all, is to sigh over the lost dignity of ecclesiastics. When lovely woman stoops to byking, her charm is departed: a high action is not an estimable thing in woman. To go rapidly from place to place is a mere triumph of utilitarianism. No exercise, not even Fives, is so rapid and complete a sudorific as the first days of the byke; physicians ought to recommend it, and it is invaluable to surgeons, for obvious reasons. No fractures are so complicated as those of the cyclist. The pleasure of the pastime consists in the discovery of a novel and unsuspected faculty (as in swimming and skating), and in the triumph over the almost indomitable byke. To find yourself actually in motion, with not the faintest idea of how, where, or when you may stop, is indeed a new pleasure, and might have pleased the imperial voluptuary of the Orient. But he would soon have been sated, if he was of a sincerely æsthetic temperament.

How it may be with others I know not, but this example of the poetry of motion strangely haunts and inspires my fancy. Were I a poet, like so many of my younger contemporaries, I would revive the classic school of cyclic poetry and art. On the walls of Mr. Henry Foker was hung a print of two lovers flying a gate on two fiery steeds and embracing as they flew. Bykes do not yet leap gates; no doubt they will acquire the art, but on bykes at full speed young lovers might embrace (in a work of art), and methinks the engraving would be popular.

I find myself unconsciously developing cyclic poetry, or, at least, adapting to cycles the poetry of the old equestrian age. "Young Lochinvar" would go well to a cyclic adaptation—

No light to the byke the fair lady she sprung,
No light to the "Bantam" before her he swung;
"She is won, we are gone, there is ne'er a toll-bar."
They need swift bykes who follow," said Young Lochinvar.

Again, there is "Léonore's Death Ride," by Bürger, that might be accommodated bravely. The conception of the dead lover on a bicycle is ghastly beyond words—

Whiz, whiz, along the land we byke,
Swish, swish, along the sea;
Men say the dead can byke with speed,
Dost fear to byke with me?

The burning eye of imagination beholds a tournament of bicycles—both the individual courses of mailed cyclists, with shattering of spears, and the mellay, where swords are aloft and axes shine—

They reel, they roll in clanging lists!

This chivalrous diversion might be revived at Lillie Bridge or in the University sports; it would be a novel feature and a great attraction, "a gentle and joyous passage of arms." No cruelty to animals would be involved; Miss Frances Power Cobbe, enthroned as Queen of Beauty, might look on, and rain influence without a scruple. Not being possessed of military knowledge, I cannot describe the glorious scene of the two hostile bicycle divisions charging each other; but Mr. Kipling might

make something of it by column of squadrons, if that is the correct expression. No mean shoving a lance into the spokes of the byke could be permitted by the laws of war in this noble encounter. The days of chivalry are not over—only the vehicle is changed in accordance with the best mechanical principles.

Such are the brilliant visions which swim up in the magic mirror of imagination. The passing-bell itself is transformed into the bell of the transitory cyclist. I shall not live to see the bicyclary of England take the place of any cavalry we may happen to possess, but to me a Pisgah glimpse of the dazzling future is afforded, of the time when, by some electric dodge or other, cycles will be enabled to leap walls, and to career across country.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

XIV.—SALAMANCA.

Ever since the English landed to help Spain against Napoleon, the cause of the Peninsula had been, on the whole, on the decline. Portugal, indeed, had been rescued by the defeat of Soult at Oporto, and maintained when Massena fell back baffled from the rocks and redoubts of Torres Vedras. But elsewhere all went ill. Soult had broken into Andalusia, and held Cadiz beleaguered from the land; Suchet conquered Valencia, and destroyed the Spanish army in that province. Discouragement was spreading, and unless some effort could be made by Wellington with his Anglo-Portuguese army to shake the French hold on Spain, the war might fail from weariness, or might drag along till Napoleon once more came to Spain in person, to finish the struggle with a few overwhelming blows. The Russian conflict, now becoming more plainly inevitable, gave Wellington his chance by withdrawing men and attention from Spain, and he seized on the opportunity. Two daring and deadly sieges in the winter and spring of 1812 made Wellington master of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, the gate-fortresses of Spain. The skilful surprise of the bridge at Almaraz enabled him to cut the nearest communication between the French armies north and south of the Tagus; and in June 1812, the rains being over, Wellington moved his chief force against Marshal Marmont, commanding the army opposed to him on the north-eastern frontier of Portugal, hoping to cripple him with a sudden blow before the other French armies could concentrate.

Marmont, too weak to oppose the allied army at first, retired, leaving Wellington to besiege the French forts at Salamanca. During the siege he again advanced, though with an inferior force, and in trying to save the forts, left himself open to attack. Wellington, however, contented himself with covering the siege; the forts soon fell, and Marmont once more retreated over the Douro. Here he stood firm, and was reinforced; and the French "army of the centre," under Joseph, the intruding King, was preparing to help. At last, skilfully crossing the Douro and manœuvring to turn Wellington's flank, Marmont forced him back on Salamanca. Here the Allies took post south of the river Tormes, to cover the town. The French army, which was like that of its enemies, some forty thousand strong, also crossed the Tormes into a loop of the river, and began to extend its left to menace the road running south-west to Ciudad Rodrigo, by which Wellington would have to retreat. Two rocky heights, known as the Arapiles, lay between the armies; a race for their possession enabled each army to secure one of the hills. At first the British line stretched from the river Tormes to the Arapiles; but gradually, as Marmont edged round towards the Ciudad road, the allied line was wheeled round till the Arapiles supported the left, the right stretching along a ridge to the west. The French right occupied the hills to the north of the Arapiles; their centre and left were posted behind their own height and on a ridge running parallel to the position of the Allies, and then curving round towards it so as to enclose a sort of basin. Beyond this basin lay the Ciudad Rodrigo road, Wellington's line of supply.

His army was the sole hope of the Peninsula; and he was thus determined not to fight except at advantage. Hence, as Marmont was expecting strong reinforcements, Wellington purposed to retire, and was already sending his baggage to the rear. Fearful lest his enemy should escape, Marmont resolved to attack at once. He pushed two divisions and fifty guns along the southern ridge towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road, thinking by this menace to draw Wellington from his position, and attack with the rest of his army. Thomières' division led the flanking movement, strung out along the ridge, and followed at a distance by the supporting division, which was itself separated from the main body by a gap. The French artillery opened fire from the ridge, their infantry pressing along it. It was the rash manœuvre of the French at Rosbach; and Wellington repeated the counter-stroke of Frederick the Great. At a glance he noted Marmont's fatal blunder. He swung forward his right wing in superior force against the ridge along which the French left wing was moving, and ordered Pakenham with the third division and the cavalry to form across the ridge, and roll up the rashly extended line. To prevent the rest of the French army from coming to the rescue, the French height of the

Arapiles was to be assailed: a few quick, terse orders, and Wellington turned to a Spanish General beside him with the words, "Marmont is lost!"

The rash Marshal could see the danger, but as he hurried to the scene he was struck down wounded by a shell. Deprived of their General, the French knew not where to move. His successor was also wounded; but Clausel, who took command, succeeded in restoring order. Meanwhile, however, Pakenham, falling on the head of Thomières' long column, while its flank was assailed by the fifth British division, dashed the French lines into ruin. Every time they faced Pakenham their flank was overlapped; the British and Portuguese horse rode down the disordered ranks and made many prisoners. The French left was rolled up and shattered beyond hope of rallying. "Forty thousand men were beaten in forty minutes."

But in the centre, where the position favoured Clausel's forces, the fight was fiercer. An attack on the French height of the Arapiles was repulsed with slaughter; the fourth allied division, pushing on to southward of that hill, was hurled back from the southern ridge enclosing the basin. But at the crisis Wellington brought up his reserves in time, and the sixth division restored the fight; and their left wing being hopelessly broken, the French gave up the struggle and fell back. Two divisions of their army were almost fresh, and these formed a steady rear-guard, and covered the retreat of the rest gallantly.

Wellington, outflanking the French right, pushed on the "light" division to the ford by which he expected the retreating French to cross the river Tormes—for cross it they must. But, unknown to him, the Spanish garrison of the castle of Albade Tormes, commanding the other passage of the river, had been withdrawn. The wrecks of Marmont's army escaped, and only their rear-guard was scattered next day by a charge of the German dragoons; yet the effect of the blow was enormous. Seven thousand French were killed and wounded, and as many taken. Further, Wellington, after chasing Clausel's forces far to the eastward, turned on King Joseph, and drove him out of Madrid to Valencia. The whole fabric of French power in Spain tottered to its fall.

It is true that Spain was not yet delivered. Clausel's skill, and the brave resistance of the castle of Burgos, checked Wellington till Soult, abandoning Andalusia, joined King Joseph, and formed a mass before which even Wellington must retreat. But though the French numbers reasserted their superiority for a moment, a fatal blow had been struck; every French commander felt that the Spanish war meant disaster: the news of Salamanca reached the Russians on the field of Borodino, and moved them to unflinching resistance. Andalusia was saved, the conquest of Valencia checked. The "Sepoy General," who had baffled the Marshals by his cool defensive, was now to pass to furious attack. Salamanca gave promise of Vittoria.

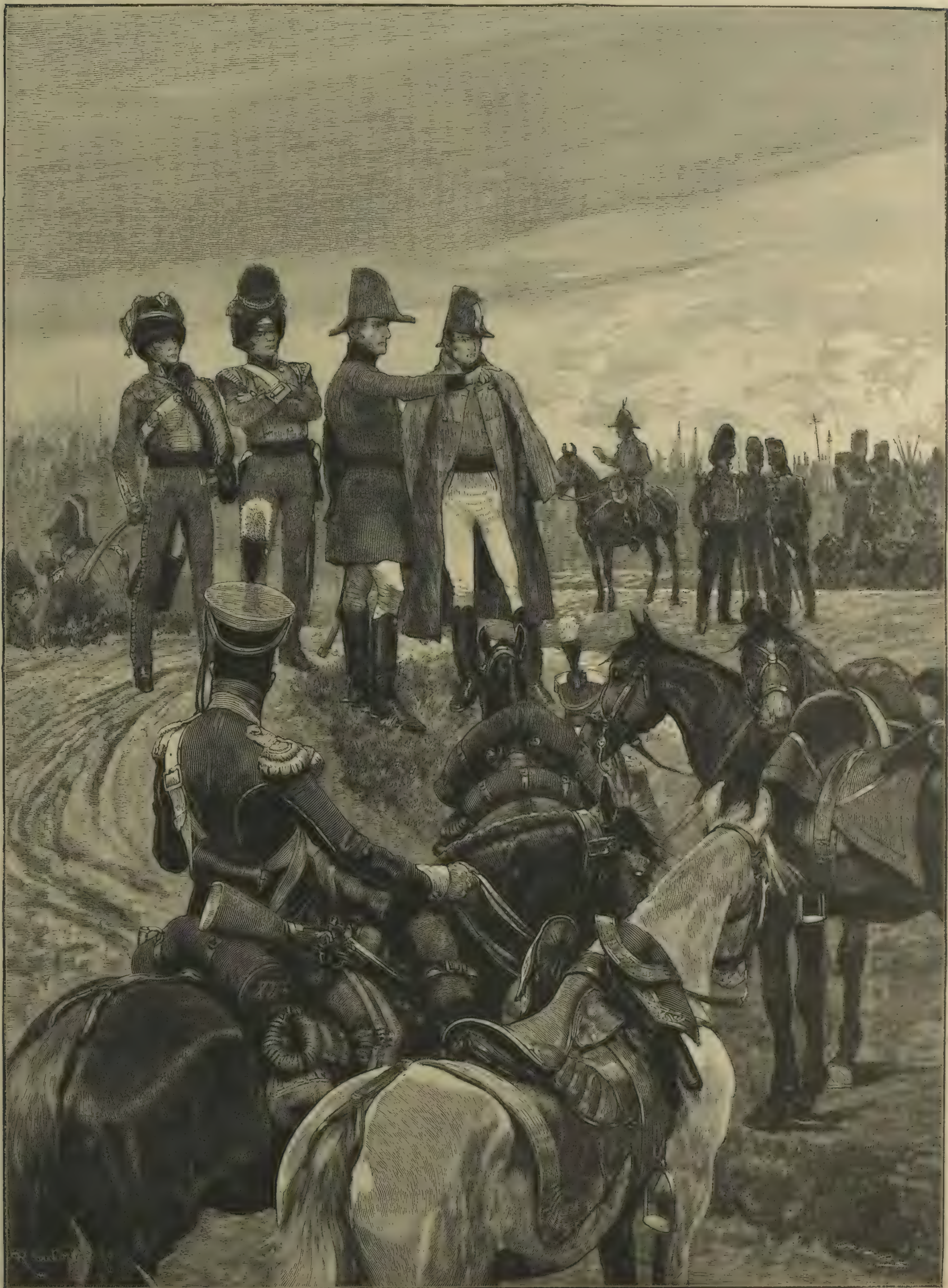
A. R. R.

The millionaires of the United States, we hear, are getting weary of displaying their wealth in gorgeous hot-house flowers, palms, orchids, lilies, and other botanical rarities. Instead of some hundreds of pounds being spent on the floral decorations at some big dinner or reception, sweet and pastoral—or more correctly, agricultural—simplicity is now the fashion. The modest potato-flower reigns supreme. There always have been fashions in flowers, but we do not remember that the fickle goddess has ever yet sought her favourite in the kitchen-garden. Was it chosen as a delicate compliment to the Irish nation? Did the Americans suddenly feel conscience-stricken that due honour had never been paid to the harmless, necessary vegetable? So now, with cultured Boston leading the way, the potato-flower adorns the proud beauty in the ball-room, and blossoms in the button-hole of the dandy. Soon, perhaps, we shall have vegetable bouquets, like mixed pickles, where the feathery plumes of the carrot will mingle with the fresh green of the lettuce, and be delicately scented by the slender shafts of the onion. Such bouquets, too, might serve a double purpose, as they would be convertible on the spot into excellent salad.

The first wedding that has ever been celebrated in the church of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, took place recently, when the Hon. Evelyn St. Aubyn, third daughter of Lord St. Levan, was married to Mr. Alcock, of Bericot, Leamington. No account, however, tells us whether the bride or the bridegroom was the first to sit in St. Michael's Chair. That famous chair is at the top of the tower of the chapel, and is really a stone lantern, which probably at one time served as a beacon for sailors and fishermen: the grooves for the glass and the holes for the bars are quite clearly marked. There is just room, however, for one person to sit in it, and the superstition is that the husband or wife who first gets that seat will have the supremacy during their married life. The same mystic power also attaches to the water of St. Keyne's Well, near Liskeard: after the nuptial ceremony the one who drinks it first will be master of the other. Southey has a ballad on the subject, concluding with the comic lines—

I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch;
But i' faith, she had been far wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XIV.—SALAMANCA.



LORD WELLINGTON: "Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham?—drive them to the devil!"

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XIV.—SALAMANCA.



CHARGE OF PAKENHAM'S THIRD DIVISION.

Drawn by R. Cotton Woodville.



ADVANCE OF WELLINGTON'S THIRD, FIFTH, AND SIXTH DIVISIONS.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

LITERATURE.

A FRENCH CRITIC OF AMERICA.

Outre-Mer: Impressions of America. By Paul Bourget. (T. Fisher Unwin).—It was a curious irony which sent the author of the "Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne" across the Atlantic in search of adventures. Before he had been forty-eight hours in New York, M. Bourget was asked by an interviewer what he thought of "American love." He was not ready with his "physiologie" so soon: but when he considered the subject for six months, he was compelled to confess that "American love" was like snakes in Iceland. He hunted it in vain. The melancholy fact is that Americans do not love—as the French love. The citizen of the Union is like the English young man, rather cold; a statement which may cause some astonishment to our gilded youth. The American woman is colder still. What with her background of Puritanism and her foreground of nonchalance, she has no inclination to a great passion. Mild flirtations abound. A girl will often send a go-between to a young man with a frank message that he interests her. "You will find her charming," says the go-between. The young man essays the siege of her affections; nothing particular happens; in a year or so the girl marries, and when she meets the young man later, she says, "It was very foolish, but how I loved you!" That's all! To an author with a "physiologie," to the author of "Mensonges" and "Cruelle Enigme," who has analysed the heart of woman, of the French woman, in a dozen romances, this is very disappointing. M. Bourget does his best to bear up, or "buck up," as the American dandy of the tomboy type would say. He describes the tomboy with a precision which could have only one significance for a French reader, if it were applied to a French girl; but the American girl reposes on her Puritanic background, and is quite safe. She does not care about marriage very ardently; but at twenty-six or so, having enjoyed the independence of the single state to the full, she takes a partner, who finds the money in an unobtrusive way, effaces himself in the domestic circle, while she represents both the ornament and the real authority of the firm. M. Bourget is a keen and candid observer, and he acknowledges that the American married woman is a pattern of conjugal fidelity. There is no "cruelle enigme" here, no triple *ménage*, none of the refinements of Parisian civilisation. The American woman, says M. Bourget, taking as an illustration a famous portrait by Mr. Sargent, "can do without being loved. She has no need of being loved. What she symbolises is neither sensuality nor tenderness. She is like a living object of art, the last fine work of human skill, attesting that the Yankee, but yesterday despairing, vanquished by the Old World, has been able to draw from this savage world, upon which fate has cast him, a wholly new civilisation, incarnated in this woman, her luxury, and her pride." She has "all the idealism of this country which has no ideal; all that which, perhaps, will one day be its destruction, but up to the present time is still its greatness—a faith in the human Will, absolute, unique, systematic, indomitable." To this the woman, were she English, might say "Lawks!" and being American, probably says "My!" It is mighty fine writing, whatever one may think of its philosophy; besides, much allowance must be made for a writer who exported a ready-made "physiologie" to America, and then found it quite useless. For the rest, M. Bourget's book is full of interesting matter. He makes an honest attempt to judge American institutions on their merits. He seldom indulges in strictures, and he always remembers that his point of view is that of a foreigner, trained in a totally different social atmosphere.

THE ORIGIN OF PLANT STRUCTURES.

Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all.

The Origin of Plant Structures by Self-Adaptation to the Environment. By the Rev. George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited. International Scientific Series, Vol. LXXVII.)—Of making books there is no end, especially books of romance and books on evolution. A novelist writes a book, looking aside from questions of finance, when he or she has new theories to apply to old types, or new types to old theories. An evolutionist writes a book (there is no need to consider the financial aspects of the matter in his case) when he has new theories to apply to old facts or new facts to old theories. This book has been written because the author believes that many results, recently obtained by himself and other botanists, especially by botanists of the French schools, bear out an old theory. The theory is that of Lamarck, and is this year just one hundred years old. Mr. Henslow states the theory thus: "The origin of species issues out of the direct action of the environment through the responsiveness of protoplasm in the organism itself . . . the real origin has nothing to do with natural selection." He attributes to the environment even greater modifying influences than did Lamarck, for he states that not only do new surroundings cause plants to vary in structure, but cause them to vary in that particular manner which is most profitable to their better existence. It is to be regretted that out of the wealth of material the author has so ably collected in this book he has not adduced more convincing examples and experiments verifying the latter part of his theory.

Books dealing with botanical subjects are proverbially dull. When the flowers of the field are turned into the botany of books they are as destitute of beauty as meadow-grass made into hay. Perhaps it is too much to expect a book dealing with a purely technical subject, intended for scientists, and written by a botanist of high repute, to read like a romance. Yet we think that the matters with which Mr. Henslow has dealt in this book are highly susceptible of a popular yet perfectly truthful treatment. What could be more interesting than the adaptations to their peculiar surroundings shown by plants of the desert, of Alpine and Arctic regions, of maritime and inland marshes? Probably scientists of the present day have larger scientific exchequers than their predecessors, but there can hardly be a doubt that in the manner of treating

scientific subjects, they have much to learn from men like Paley and Chambers.

There are certain passages in this book that forcibly remind us we do not live in the days of Paley. It would have astonished the great teleologist to find a clergyman writing, as on page 24: "It is the source of that object of which Mr. Croll speaks, or *purpose*, as Darwin called it, or *design*, as it used to be styled by the older teleologists, which has baffled all philosophers. It was an easy answer to say that the Great Artificer designed and then created them by a fiat. Evolution, however, came to the fore, and thrust all antecedents aside." There is the peculiar flavour of the latter end of the nineteenth century, also, about a passage on page 84 in which Mr. Henslow quotes and utilises the botanical results got by Mr. Redhead during an ascent of Mount Sinai. One involuntarily recalls a former ascent of that mountain, made for a very different purpose, and when a theory very different from that of the reverend author was held of the origin of species.

LATIN POETRY.

Latin Poetry. By R. Y. Tyrrell, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. (London: Macmillan and Co.)—Professor Tyrrell has published, with some alterations and additions, his lectures on Latin Poetry, delivered in 1893 at the Johns Hopkins University, on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation. This survey of Latin poetry is characterised by that keen scholarly insight and pure literary taste which we associate with the works of the distinguished Dublin Professor. His criticisms are frequently brilliant, and always sane and judicial, and even when he is most revolutionary and least convincing we are captivated by the moderation with which he states his case. Dr. Tyrrell's predilection for Cicero is familiar to all of us who have read his masterly edition of the "Correspondence of Cicero"; but we confess that we experience something in the nature of a shock to our feelings when we read in the present volume that "before the rise of Lucretius and Catullus there is little doubt that Cicero was the poet of his age," and remember the scathing ridicule of Juvenal and Martial, and the comments of Seneca, Gellius, and Tacitus. But while we are unable to admit that Cicero was anything more than a harmonious and sometimes felicitous versifier, yet we cannot but acknowledge the justice of Dr. Tyrrell's protest against judging all his poems by the two unfortunate verses—

O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam!

and—

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea laudi,

which have been pilloried for universal execration. It is true that he was his own greatest rival,—"suppositicius sibi ipsi," as Martial called him—and "that the glories of the advocate, the orator, the philosopher, the unrivalled essayist and letter-writer, made his poetic bays pale." But having all these vehicles of expression to his hand, there was surely less reason for him to have had recourse to verse.

Dr. Tyrrell's appreciation of Catullus, the greatest love-poet of the Romans, is at once just and ample. He disposes effectually of the fancied resemblance between the great Roman and the Irish melodist. Byron, it is true, called Moore the young Catullus of his day, but the shallow, insincere jingle of the modern has nothing in common with the passionate and moving sincerity of the ancient. Between Horace and Moore there is much in common: the love poems of both are graceful, without being sincere, and often musical without being lucid, for both were inclined to sacrifice sense to sound. So, though they produced elegant and musical *vers de société*, they achieved but little genuine poetry. The lines in which Horace describes himself and his work apply almost with equal truth to Moore—

Ego apud Matinæ

More modoque,

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem

Plurimum circa nemus uvidique

Tiburis ripas operosa parvus

Carmina fingo.

Among the most interesting chapters in the volume are that on Lucretius, in which Dr. Tyrrell includes a very excellent rendering of the celebrated lines on death, and that on Latin satire, in which Horace, Juvenal, and Persius are compared. We have but one fault to find with this delightful book. The Dublin Professor sometimes remembers that he is an Irish politician; and following the example of another Dublin Professor, introduces by way of illustration certain modern instances, which might pass well enough, perhaps, in the lecture-room, but which seem out of place in a dignified work like the present.

HUMOUR IN DIALOGUE.

Telling Stories. By W. Pett Ridge. (London: St. James's Gazette Office.)—The phonograph style of literature has never been better exemplified than in "Telling Stories," by Mr. W. Pett Ridge. There are within the hundred and fifty pages of this book sixteen clever sketches of life, cast in conversational form of a very amusing character. The author takes his camera into the streets as well as his phonograph—speaking metaphorically—and as a result he puts on paper not merely various entertaining dialogues, but also depicts the scenes and the people who figure therein. If we have not ourselves gleaned such humour from the conversations to which we may have listened under similar circumstances, let us be all the more grateful to Mr. Pett Ridge for introducing us to several of his friends. After reading his pages we know the 'bus-man better, have learnt more of the ways and words of the London *gamin*, and can better appreciate the British workman on a holiday. Mr. F. Anstey is most at home in drawing-rooms; Mr. Pett Ridge, on the other hand, seeks his subjects, like the French school of impressionist artists, *en plein air*. His pages faithfully echo the streets, and, after all, the streets are more interesting than the houses. He has a perfect mastery of argot, and his cockneyisms are never at fault. This book has thirty-three capital illustrations by Priestman Atkinson and Charles Harrison, whose humour adds to the attractions of a most enjoyable and cheap volume.

KING KHAMA'S COUNTRY.

Twenty Years in Khama's Country and Pioneering among the Batanana of Lake Ngami. Told in the Letters of the Rev. J. D. Hepburn. Edited by C. H. Lyall. With illustrations. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.)—The publication of the volume entitled "Twenty Years in Khama's Country" is very timely, in view of the visit of the African chiefs to England. Khama, our loyal ally in the Matabele campaign, is pre-eminently a man of deeds rather than of words. He won for himself the well-deserved title of "the Good," by reason of the heroic stand he has for so long been making in favour of a higher civilisation. Against what fearful odds he has fought is now revealed in the very interesting collection of letters from the pen of his intimate friend and adviser, the late Rev. J. D. Hepburn, and addressed to the directors of the London Missionary Society. They have been carefully edited by Mr. C. H. Lyall, of Wynberg, Cape Colony, and present an enthralling and vivid picture of life among the Bamangwato. Mr. Hepburn had philosophic insight as well as missionary enthusiasm, and has made a really valuable contribution to the history of European influence on native tribes. Not the least graphic part of the recital is furnished by Mrs. Hepburn, who, besides filling up many interstices in her husband's letters, has written the introductory chapter telling how Khama became Chief, as well as the adventurous story of the Hegira of him and 30,000 of his people from ill-favoured Shoshong to the beautiful new capital of Palapye. The interesting descriptions, too, of pioneering among the Batanana of Lake Ngami, governed by a neighbouring chief Maremi, but serve to bring into stronger relief the singularly noble and steadfast character of Khama, and the marvellous influence he has over his own people. He is respected by both military and civil authorities, and dreaded by the drink traders, with whom he is ever at deadly war. His career of peril and of many hardships reads like a romance; he has never swerved a hair's breadth from the course he laid down for himself on assuming the chieftainship of his tribe.

A HARVEST OF CULTIVATED THOUGHT.

Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre. By Ella Fuller Maitland. (London: Chapman and Hall.)—The aroma of long-vanished herb-gardens, of flowery pleasures, of days when minds and methods were less sophisticated than they be at present—to quote some words from this very volume—seems to linger in the pages of this Day-Book. Your mind conjures up the vision of a quiet room with a gentle invalid contemplating, aloof from the noise of the streets, the ways and words of men. There is a "detachment" in Bethia Hardacre's sentiments that makes one sure she had time to think in this busy whirling world. And through the book there is wafted, as it were, the fragrance of pressed rose-leaves, recalling days spent in an old-fashioned garden filled with gilly-flowers and hollyhocks. The author—for she would not like the term "authoress"—has unlocked a library of rare volumes, and given in her Day-Book some charming quotations therefrom, but best of all are her own soliloquies. They are peaceful twilight fancies—the harvest of a quiet eye—and lead one into the land of reverie almost unawares. That the book should have already attained a second edition proves the existence of many readers who love peaceful days and ways, such as find favour with those who walk softly all their life. The language of the volume is drawn from "the well of English pure and undefiled"; the book is habited in quaint garb, and finely printed.

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB.

The Tomb of Paheri. By J. J. Tylor, F.S.A., with an Introduction by F. L. Griffith, B.A. (London: Quaritch, Kegan Paul and Co.)—The tomb of Paheri has been known to travellers in Egypt since the days of Napoleon's expedition to that country in the closing year of the last century. It was visited by Cortaz and Champollion, Mangles and Belzoni early in the present century, and from the date of the visit of James Burton carefully executed drawings have been made of the decorations and inscriptions inside the chambers of the monument by Lepsius, Brugsch, and others. The importance to students of the Paheri tomb has thus been abundantly recognised by Egyptologists of all nations, and thoroughly justifies the labours of Mr. J. J. Tylor, who, under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has taken this tomb as the subject of the first volume of his "Wall Drawings and Monuments of El Kab." For the first time in reproducing the drawings and sculpture with which the tomb-chambers are decorated, recourse has been had to photography. The negatives then taken were subsequently enlarged, and, as far as has been thought advisable, the original colouring of the drawings has been preserved. The interest in the Paheri tomb lies in the fact that its walls tell the story of seven generations of an Egyptian family, of which one of the members fought in the memorable war which relieved Egypt from the Hyksos yoke. The Paheri who erected the tomb and chronicled on its walls the family traditions of his great-great-grandmother, was a businesslike country landowner to whom the King entrusted important affairs. His occupations as a public functionary as well as local chief, recorded in hieroglyphics, are easily followed. The management of his estate—especially the cultivation of corn—is traced with scrupulous care. More naïve, but not less interesting, are the details, as recorded, of his domestic life—"rejoicing the heart with everything, making holiday"—which included dandling his child and the society of his wife. To these are added elaborate drawings and representations of the funeral ceremonies which marked his own departure or that of some of his ancestors and relatives. On these the artist-sculptor of those days delighted to dwell, and it must be admitted that the subject is treated with a total absence of anything like morbid or sickly sentiment. It is difficult to estimate accurately the value of such elaborate reproductions as those in this volume. To Egyptologists they must offer abundant field for comparative research, while to the ordinary traveller the preliminary study of such a work cannot fail to give a more intelligent interest in the art and mysteries of the country, which, like its great emblem, has not yet revealed its final secret.

ART NOTES.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITIONS.

In accordance with prescribed custom, the art exhibitions are ushered in by their useful and comparatively youthful handmaid, photography. The exhibitions which in friendly rivalry display the achievements of the old and the aims of the new school are to be found, one at the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society (Pall Mall East) and the other at the Dudley Gallery (Piccadilly). The Royal Photographic

title of "Thistles" (100), we think he gives too much force to the foreground, his "Fowey" (91), "Diana Pond" (113), and "Weed-Burning" (114) are in their way ideal landscapes. The want of balance between the top and bottom halves of their pictures is also discernible in the clever work of Mr. Ludwig David, Dr. Hugo Henneberg, and Mr. R. Demachy. In richness of tone there is very little work in the gallery which will compare with that of Mr. Craig Annan, and some of his portraits are quite remarkable *tours de force*. Mr. Hay

our narrow, crowded, and tortuous streets a bit of the famous building which at the time of its erection in the latter half of the twelfth century stood in pleasant meadows remote from the busy strife of men. Mr. W. Monk, of the Royal Painter-Etchers' Society, has been well inspired in reproducing the most salient and interesting features of the old Priory as they exist after an interval of eight hundred years. Mr. J. Underhill's letterpress and historical notes are a welcome addition to what is already generally known about this relic of the past. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards called the Knights of Rhodes, and lastly Knights of Malta, came into existence soon after the first Crusade, and the original House was founded in Jerusalem itself. The Order soon rose in wealth and importance, and for eight centuries has played a prominent part in history and fiction. The original church of the English Order was probably the small Norman chapel which served as a crypt to the more gorgeous buildings subsequently erected. This portion remains almost intact, and furnishes Mr. Monk with the subject for an effective etching—although it does not include the more delicate Early English work in the transept and south aisle, which will compare advantageously even with the exquisite crypt now in course of clearance under Canterbury Cathedral. Of the splendour of the more secular buildings connected with the old Priory, only the gateway remains. Its wealth attracted the Progressives of the days of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, who, among other things, beheaded the Grand Prior, Sir John Hales, in the courtyard of his own "palace." Another reformer, Henry VIII., suppressed the Hospitallers and seized their estates; but at least he left the buildings standing. In the next generation, however, the Protector Somerset, being in want of stones for his palace in the Strand, ruthlessly commenced the work of destruction, the church and gateway alone being left standing. The former, although a long time used only as a private chapel, was not left in peace, for, having passed into the hands of the Presbyterians in 1706, it was sacked four years later by the enlightened supporters of Dr. Sacheverell, who may have claimed to have been the "Moderates" of that day. The historical associations of the gateway are of a more peaceful character. In 1731 Edward Cave, the founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, set up his printing-press here; and although some forty years later it became a tavern, the landlord was a man of some education, and encouraged literary and archaeological societies to hold their meetings there. Thus it became frequented by men of letters from the days of Dr. Johnson until it finally passed, in 1886, into the hands of the revived Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. To those who take an interest in the past history or the present usefulness of the Order this portfolio of letterpress and etchings can be cordially commended, and the publishers (Messrs. Cadbury Jones and Co., Haymarket) deserve the highest praise for the excellent way in which the drawings have been reproduced.

The death of Adrien Mollen, of Valkenswaard, the celebrated falconer, recalls the existence of a pastime which, once almost universal, has now fallen into complete obscurity. It is still, however, practised by a few, and has never been totally extinct in England at any period; but the general introduction of fire-arms was its death-blow. Once the sport of kings and princes, the troubles of the Great Rebellion in the middle of the seventeenth century



KITTIWAKES.—BY R. B. LODGE.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.

Society has now reached its fortieth annual exhibition, and in the course of its career may fairly claim to have developed an art in which we may have many compeers but no superiors. The society's work is more varied in its processes than that of the Salon, and for this reason will probably be of greater importance in the eyes of those who desire to compare the results obtained by the various methods of photographing and printing which it displays. It must not, however, be supposed that the members of the Photographic Society are indifferent to the more artistic side of their profession, although they may cling tenaciously to the stricter representation of nature. In portraiture, for instance, where this society is especially strong, Mr. Alfred Pringle, Mr. J. S. Bergheim, and Mr. Hollyer send excellent specimens of the work; the last-named's portrait of himself (141) being nearly, if not quite, perfect as a work of art. Mr. Warneke has also several groups artistically arranged, which suggest that even the special domain of the painter—*genre* painting—may at some no distant date be invaded by the camera. It is, however, especially in landscape and architectural subjects that the majority of photographers have the most open field and obtain more general success. Of those which strike one as especially well composed and worked out we would mention Mr. John Avery's "Stormy Sunset" (50) and "Mersea City" (58) in which the softened lines of the landscape are rendered with great truth; Mr. Roderick Fry's "Parting Day" (69), with the Tower Bridge looming through the haze, is not only good in tone, but delicately graduated; while as an instance of clear and sharp, but not of hard, outline, Mr. James Sinclair's "Bridge of Sighs" (108) is an excellent instance of the carbon process, and only surpassed by the bright results obtained by Messrs. S. B. Bolas and Co., in their platinum plates of the interior of Ely and Winchester Cathedrals. Mr. C. Moss's "Homeward Bound" (251) and Mr. Stieglitz's "Scurrying Home" (269) are the groundwork of pictures which may yet be offered to the public as studies in art; and Mr. Edgar G. Leo's "Castle Garth" (301) is as solid and yet full-toned a rendering of the old Newcastle gateway as could be produced in that medium. Mr. Schenley's yachting series, Mr. Isenberg's studies of birds, and Mrs. Pollard's clever reproduction of an "Elephant Battery of the Royal Artillery" are among the other attractive exhibits on the walls. Mr. Reginald Lodge's "Guillemots" and "Kittiwakes" (which we reproduce) are not only excellent as photographs, but from the circumstances under which the studies were made show that the wanderer with a camera may obtain as much excitement as with an ice-axe or a bicycle. These studies of sea-birds were made on the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, by Mr. Lodge, who, having invented a costume which accorded as far as possible with sea-weed covered rocks, crept up to the resting-place of the birds, and was thus able to surprise the story of their life from day to day; and, what is of greater importance to students of natural history and painting, the actual postures of these birds when at rest.

The aims of the "new" school of photography, as shown at the Dudley Gallery, are more pictorial, and in their efforts to attain their object its members suggest more strongly than their more conservative confreres that the limits of artistic photography are not yet reached. At any rate, they are prepared to show that the whole extent of pictorial art which separates (for instance) Mr. Leader from Mr. Whistler is covered by photography—Mr. Gale representing one extreme and Mr. George Davison the other. Few among the exhibitors here show a more thorough appreciation of the artistic features of a landscape, and although in the study of moorland under the

Cameron is another portraitist who deservedly stands high in public esteem, but there is always, more or less, a suggestion of pose in his figures, and of the artist's own ideal—qualities or defects—which are alike absent from the portraits by Mr. Craig Annan and Mr. Hollyer, both of whom, however, convey a sense of distinction as well as of reality in their work. Instances of this difference of treatment are afforded by a comparison of Mr. Hollyer's portrait of Mr. Ruskin with Mr. Hay Cameron's of Mrs. Stuart Wortley. Mr. W. Cadby's studies from the nude in the studio and in the open air are a new departure which cannot fail to correct some very erroneous impressions often conveyed by the artist in oils or water-colours. The Rossetti-like figure-studies by Mr. Day, of Boston, U.S.A., are perhaps the most original exhibits of the year, and indicate a fresh line for photographers to follow. Mr. Ralph W. Robinson, Mr. Horsley Hinton,



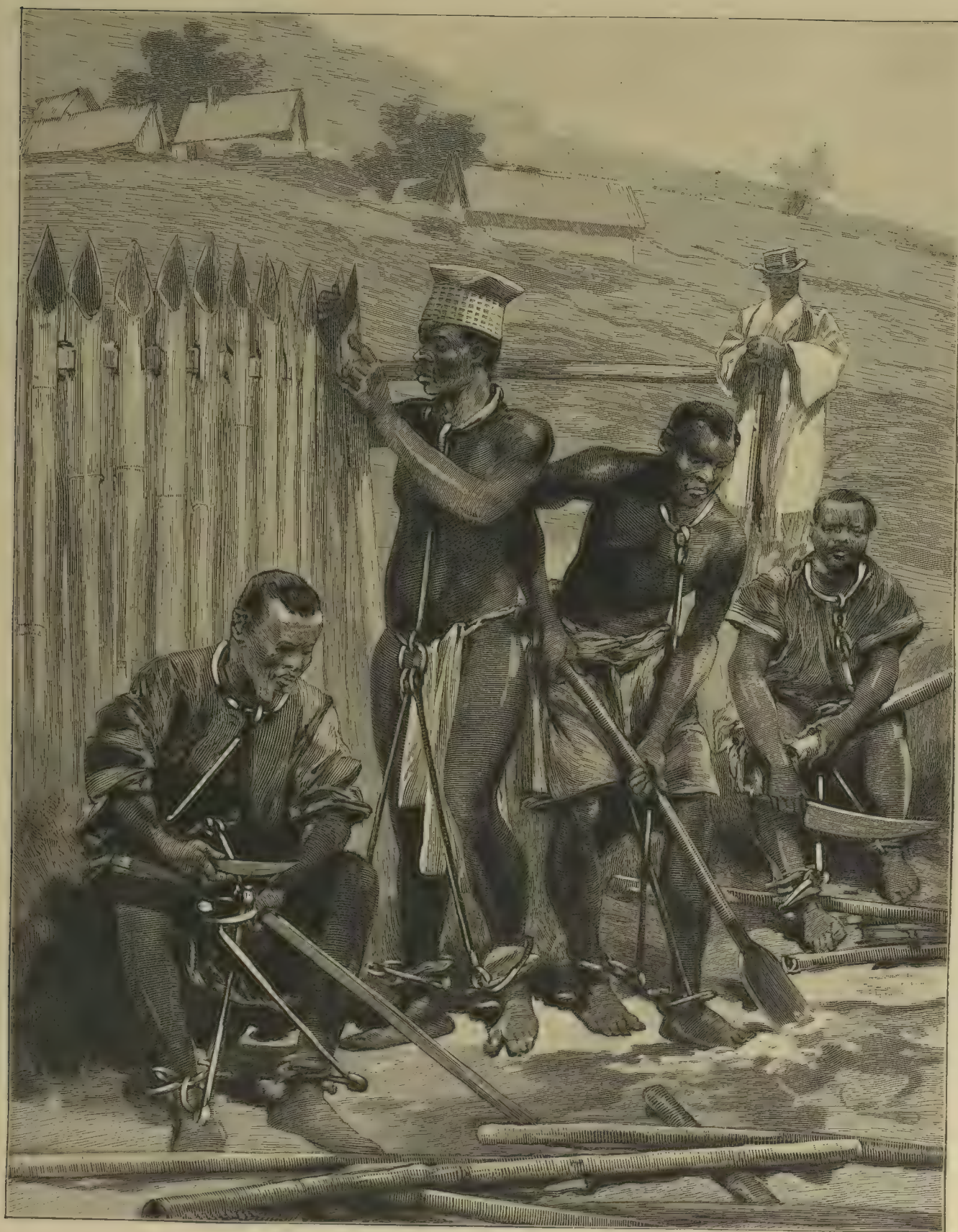
GUILLEMOTS.—BY R. B. LODGE.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society.

Mr. H. P. Robinson, Mr. Karl Greger, and others continue to sustain the reputation of the Salon by their always excellent and often interesting work.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is almost all that now remains to remind us of the Priory of that once powerful body, the English Knights of the Order of Jerusalem. It has, besides, many literary as well as historical associations; but to the student of architecture its chief interest lies in the fact that there is still standing in the midst of

gave it a severe shock, from which it never entirely recovered. The last member of our royal family who appears to have kept hawks was Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. He at one time resided at the "Palace of Windows," Epsom, for the purpose of hawking on the Downs. Efforts were made by Lord Orford and others to revive the sport in England at the beginning of this century, and the Loo Hawking Club was established in 1840. This club had its headquarters in Holland, and English falconers used to go there for the heron-hawking.



THE CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR: MALAGASY PRISONERS.



ENTRANCE TO THE QUEEN'S PALACE, ANTANANARIVO.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It would appear that among the industrial diseases or ailments incidental to special trades and vocations, we must reckon phthisis (otherwise, consumption) as a very prevalent ailment in the telegraph service. Among telegraphists, if the evidence of Mr. C. H. Garland (himself a first-class operator) is to be credited, phthisis possesses a most unenviable notoriety as a prevailing ailment. Out of a total of 341 deaths noted in connection with a certain Post Office benevolent society during a period of ten years (from 1885 to 1895), 155 were due to phthisis alone. This is a proportion of 45.4 per cent. Other respiratory diseases caused forty-five deaths, or a percentage of 13.4; the two causes together give a mortality of 58.8 per cent of the total from chest-ailments, as against 41.2 per cent from all other causes.

These facts regarding the mortality among telegraphists were brought out in the evidence of Mr. Garland given before the Committee on Post-Office Establishments. Mr. Garland is secretary to the London branch of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association, and his interest in the health-questions which arise in connection with the duties of himself and his fellow-employees is therefore of a highly practical kind. Thus for all adults during the years 1887-89, the mortality from consumption was 14.4, from other respiratory ailments it was 18.2, and from all respiratory affections 32.6. Among the Sheffield grinders (who inhale the steel dust arising from the articles they polish, and who are therefore notoriously subject to chest ailments), the mortality from 1885 to 1892 was—from phthisis 34.5, from other respiratory ailments 29.5, and from all chest complaints 64.0. Now, taking the telegraphists, their mortality, as we have seen, was for phthisis 45.4, for other respiratory ailments 13.4, and for all chest ailments 58.8. The figures here are startling enough; but in a further table Mr. Garland, excluding in each class of persons all deaths in persons over fifty-five years of age, brings out the relative mortality from phthisis as 13.8 among adult males, as 46.6 among telegraphists, and as 33.1 among grinders. I observe also that the greatest mortality among the telegraphists from chest ailments occurs between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, when it is set down at 23.1 per cent. (grinders at 8.3 per cent. only), and between fifteen and twenty-five years; while the grinders die from respiratory ailments to the tune of 4.3 per cent. only, the telegraphists perish from this cause at the rate of 18.4 per cent.

Now, unless Mr. Garland's figures are very much astray (and I do not know that they have been challenged at all), I certainly think there is something very far wrong with the conditions under which men and women work in carrying on the business of one of the most important departments of the State. Let us note one very significant point which sets forth the mortality from phthisis in a very clear fashion—namely, that, as Mr. Garland put it, the operators must have a clean bill of health on their entering the service. It is really a case here of a huge chest-mortality among a picked set of men and women. I fancy the matter of age will only support the view that, as regards phthisis especially, it simply attacks the telegraphists at the period when, as a general disease, it is most apt to be prevalent in other classes. If so, then I should have little hesitation in ascribing the prevalence of chest ailments in the telegraph service to faulty conditions in the environment of the workers. This is a wide expression, no doubt, but it includes both personal habits and the conditions or surroundings to which these habits have reference. Thus, bad ventilation, the breathing of impure air, the absence of sufficient light, stooping habits, the want of exercise, insufficient nutrition as regards food-supply, irregular hours as regards sleep and feeding and the like, illustrate what I mean by faulty environment. Mr. Garland, I notice, told the Committee that personally he had taken very great care to guard against respiratory disease by indulging in very active open-air exercise, and by guarding his health in every possible way. Just so. What Mr. Garland does by reason of his intelligence and knowledge of the risks he runs, hundreds of his fellow-clerks will not trouble themselves to consider. Hence they fall victims to the effects of their environment. It is a case of the survival of the fittest here, as elsewhere; and the fittest are those who (as elsewhere) attend rigidly to the observance of the laws of health.

There is something, to my mind, indescribably pathetic in the bare record I have noted above. It emphasises in a very practical fashion the fact of that struggle for existence which, doubted as regards its actuality by unscientific persons, rages very fiercely around us everywhere. It should be the glory of a Government, taught by science, to set an example to the nation at large in respect of the conservation of the health of its servants. No doubt, also, medical evidence of direct character will be forthcoming to establish the contentions of Mr. Garland and his neighbours; but I can make Mr. Garland the present of a parallel instance for future use of an excessive phthisis mortality occurring among a body of picked men, and of such mortality disappearing when the ventilation of their dwelling-place was duly supervised and improved.

The case was that of the Foot Guards, and the details of their health, as duly set forth in reports, showed that among them a mortality from consumption was recorded of 13.8 per 1000. This was a result which, of course, was practically unprecedented in the case of a body of soldiers whose bill of health to start with must have been of the soundest kind. The mortality in another regiment from phthisis was only 7.3 per 1000. But a comparison of the cubic space allotted to the two regiments in barracks revealed a marked discrepancy. That given to the other regiment was 572 cubic feet per head, while the Guards had only 331 cubic feet per head. When the cubic space was increased in the case of the Guards—or, in other words, when the men ceased to re-breathe their own breath and that of their neighbours—the excessive mortality disappeared. *Verb. sit sap.*

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. LEETE (Sudbury) AND MANY OTHERS.—Your charge against No. 2687 is, unluckily, correct. It has two solutions.

EVANS (Port Hope, Ontario).—Problem No. 2680 was not published in an amended form.

E. F. (Hoxton).—(1) Your solutions are to hand. (2) The mistake was otherwise pointed out and acknowledged in our issue of Sept. 7.

ALPHA.—It is all the more to be regretted, after your careful study of the position, that there is another way than moving the King. We must therefore condole with each other.

UBIQUE (Ryde).—B takes P en passant is a novelty that the laws of the game do not permit.

CASTLE LEA.—We pointed out to several correspondents last week that 1. Kt to R 2nd will not solve No. 2682.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2681 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2684 from E. F. (Hoxton), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Evans (Port Hope, Ontario), T. F. Hancock (New Britain); of No. 2685 from James Clark (Chester), H. S. Brandreth, E. F. (Hoxton), and W. H. Lunn (Cheltenham); of No. 2686 from R. Worters (Canterbury), F. Leete (Sudbury), Castle Lea, James Clark (Chester), E. F. (Hoxton), John H. West (Swansea), Grand Café (Luxembourg), J. Bailey (Newark), Thomas Isaac (Maldon), and Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2687 received from W. R. Raille, H. Worters (Canterbury), Alpha, Captain J. A. Challice, Alice Gooding (Chingford), F. Leete (Sudbury), T. G. Ware, W. R. B. (Clifton), M. Burke, C. E. Perugini, R. H. Brooks, C. M. A. B. Z. Ingold (Frampton), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Shadforth, F. James (Wolverhampton), Albert Wolff, W. David (Cardiff), H. S. Brandreth, J. F. Moon, Thomas Isaac (Maldon), F. Glanville, F. Waller (Luton), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Sorrento, H. T. Atterbury, F. Fernando (Glasgow), T. Roberts, E. Loudon, Frank Troctor (Colchester), F. H. Woods, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and James Gamble.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2686.—By F. W. PARKES.

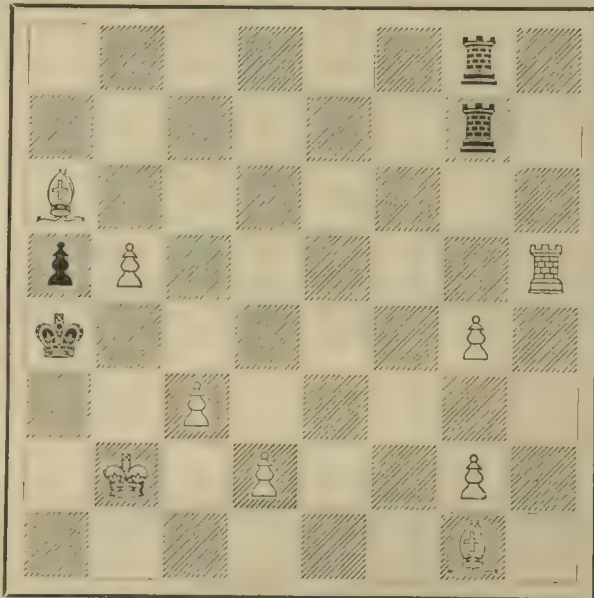
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 4th P takes Kt
2. Kt to B 7th K moves
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. K to K 5th, then 2. R to K 6th (ch), K moves; 3. B takes Kt, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2689.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

The two following games were played in the Tournament, the first being between Messrs. JANOWSKI and ALBIN.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to Q 4th P to K B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 5th
4. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
5. B to Q 3rd Castles
6. Kt to B 3rd
7. Q to Kt 3rd P to Q 3rd
8. Castles Kt to B 3rd
9. R to Q sq B takes Kt
10. P takes B Q to K 2nd
11. Q to B 2nd P to K 4th
12. B takes P P to K 5th
13. B takes B P takes Kt
14. B to R 3rd Kt to K 5th
15. P to Kt 3rd Q R to Q sq
16. R to Kt sq P to Q Kt 3rd
17. B to B sq Q R to K sq
18. B to Q 3rd Q to Q 2nd
19. K to R sq Q to R 6th
20. B to B sq Q to R 4th
21. P to K R 3rd Kt to Kt 4th
22. K to R 2nd R to K 5th
23. Q to R 4th Kt takes P
24. Q takes Kt Kt takes P (dis. ch)
25. K to Kt sq Kt to R 6th (ch)
26. B takes Kt Q takes B
27. R to Kt 2nd Q takes P (ch)
28. K to B sq R to R 5 & wins

Objections have been raised to Black's first and third moves, the majority of experts preferring now Kt to K B 3rd, and afterwards B to K 2nd. These two somewhat inferior moves lead additional force to the pretty after play.

Again well played. If now B takes Kt, then R takes B, followed by Q to R 6th, winning the Queen for a Pawn and Rook. It is followed by a series of moves, every one of which is strikingly effective. The whole game is quite above the common, even among the masters.

The Kt might well be played to K 2nd, and perhaps, afterwards, to B 4th or Kt 3rd, as required. Q to B 2nd is also good, advancing P to K 4th at an early stage.

The combination here initiated will be found of peculiar interest.

Game played between Mr. TINSLEY and Dr. TARRASCH.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q B 3rd P to K 4th
5. P takes P Bt takes P
6. B to K 2nd Kt to Q 3rd
7. Kt to K B 3rd Castles
8. Castles Q to K 2nd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd R to Q sq
10. R to K sq Kt to K 5th
11. Kt takes Q Kt Q takes Kt
12. Kt to B sq Q to Kt 4th
13. P to K B 4th Q to R 5th
14. P to K Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
15. B to B 3rd B to Q B 4th
16. Q to K 2nd P to K B 4th
17. B to Q 2nd B to K 3rd
18. Q R to Q sq P to K Kt 4th
19. K to R sq P takes P
20. B takes Kt
21. K P takes P Q to Kt 2nd
22. Kt to K 3rd B takes Kt
23. Q takes B B to Kt 5th
24. Q R to B sq B to B 6th (ch)
25. K to Kt sq Q to Kt 5th
26. Q to B 2nd P to K R 4th
27. P to K R 4th P to B 4th
28. Q to R 2nd P to Q 5th
29. P takes P P takes P
30. B to Kt 4th P to K 6th
31. Q to B 2nd R to Q 2nd
32. Q to Q 3rd R to K sq
33. R to B 5th B to K 5th
34. Q to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
35. Q to Kt 6th Q to K 3rd
36. R to Kt 5th (ch) K to R sq
37. R takes R P (ch) B to R 2nd
38. Q to B 5th P to Kt 3rd
39. Q to B sq P to R 4th
40. R to K 5th Q to B 2nd
41. R takes R (ch) Q takes R
42. B to R 3rd R to K Kt 2nd
43. B to Q 6th Q to K Kt 3rd
Black wins.

Black continues in Vienna's style, and a little regardless of risk.

Indirectly this exchange seems the cause of White's subsequent defeat. It gives his opponent in place of an isolated Pawn a very dangerous passed Pawn, of which full use is made later.

The play is very clever on both sides. Black's position is not without danger, and this, we think, is the only move to save the game.

The Metropolitan Chess Club has issued its programme for the coming season. A special feature is the new Challenge Cup Competition, open to members in both divisions of the first class.

The City of London Club is also arranging an attractive programme, and in addition to the annual blindfold exhibition by Mr. J. H. Blackburne on Oct. 5, announces a match with the Ladies' Club on Oct. 19.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

As the new fashions come forth more and more it becomes plain that the mantles that are to be sold are at once silly and unbecoming; silly, that is to say, regarded as garments to keep off the cold winds that are now beginning to blow, but at the same time they are necessarily made as they are. The point for objection is the excessive width of the lower edge, which is actually standing out all round the bottom to a degree that will enable all the blasts that blow to find their way gaily and unrestrainedly up to the chest and arms. This extreme width is very unbecoming too, for it positively deforms the shape. Just where the waist-line should fall in the cape sticks out, so that the hips are made to appear enormously wider than the shoulders. It is needful to cut the capes thus at present because of the excessively wide and yet low-falling sleeves, but it is in every respect of hygiene and art so bad a fashion that surely this development will be the beginning of the end of those excrescences, the too huge sleeves.

While the smarter sort of gown is getting ever more tiresome and unreasonable, it is a real pleasure to look into the ladies' tailors' shops and see that this style remains sensible and restrained. The sleeves of the new cloth gowns are just prettily wide; the coats are either fitting or semi-fitting, sitting sufficiently close to the hips to show off the figure, even when the front is half loose; the revers that are the general finish at the chest under the collar are not absurdly wide, only coming well over the shoulder; and neat trimming characterises these dresses—a little braiding or a vest of a different material or the revers of a separate colour or fabric, and a multitude of tiny buttons, set close down the front. There is to be in the new styles a reversion to the downward trimming idea for bodices, while on skirts there is probably to be a revival of the hip trimmings and small panier bunchings that are old enough to be novelties again. For silk dresses veritable paniers may be expected, while for the tailor dress there will be flat pockets on the hips, and braiding or passementerie trimmings down from the waist to the feet. The *Lady's Pictorial* has a splendid fashion number this week, showing all that is new and good.

Lace is one of the subjects on which my conscience is not clear in direction. Lace is so charming, so dainty, so desirable—it is so eminently a lady's adornment, in its filmy elegance and its lissome foldings, and its unaggressive but yet perceptible perfection of finish in all detail—that the temptation to desire it and use it is very strong. Yet it takes so terrible a time to do, it tries the worker's health and faculties to such a degree, that I, for one, cannot but feel uneasily in my mind an application to it of Hood's famous phrase: "It is not lace you are wearing out, but human creatures' lives." However, there is no doubt that the making of lace has been a means whereby multitudes of women who were neither physically nor mentally strong have in all times been enabled to make a livelihood, and that those who are skilful at it would generally not be able to do any other thing half so well; and it is probable that lace-making is better than idling breadless and comfortless. In Ireland of late years there has been a great revival of the lacemaker's art, and the result is that a large number of women are able to earn a comfortable subsistence who would be in the depths of distress without this work. Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, has lately been to Ireland on a visit and bought there some lace of which two yards cost her two hundred pounds; but it was the product of two years out of the life of another woman. But then the worker was very glad to have this reward. On balance, no doubt, the Irish lace revival is a thing to be encouraged by all rich women for the good of their poorer sisters.

Irish lace is of many kinds. The death last week of a nun who was one of the finest designers of patterns for lace in all Ireland recalls the sort of lace that she superintended the production of in her convent—the Youghal lace. It is a needlepoint lace: that is to say, it is produced by hand exclusively, and is not worked on another fabric, nor is it made with bobbins twisted round and round with the thread in appropriate fashion to produce a pattern—these being respectively known as appliqué and pillow lace. The needlepoint lace is far more remarkable than the other two, which were the more primitive forms of lace-making. The very earliest sort of lace is the "drawn thread work" that is still pursued in Ireland in the linen districts, as I mentioned a few weeks ago, and that is also found amongst semi-civilised workers; in this a thread is drawn out of a linen fabric here and there, and those that are left are caught together, according to a design (often very elaborate), by which the original fabric is entirely lost sight of, but yet remains the base of the whole performance. Next in the history of lace comes the idea that it would be possible to avoid the work of elaborately picking threads out of a firm fabric, and nets or reticulated tissues are introduced, and on them the work of drawing together the threads into the lace pattern is elaborated into the making of new threads by means of the needle. But the highest step is the needlepoint lace, where all is the work of the hand; where the pattern is traced on a parchment, and then worked over, so that the hand of the needlewoman first forms her own foundation and then produces on it all the infinite variety of wheels, and lines, and curves, and raised points that make up a fine piece of lace, differing according to fixed "schools." In Ireland are made now fine laces of all the leading varieties: the Limerick, that is really an embroidery done on a prepared net; the heavier Carrickmacross, that is an appliqué of tiny cut cambric on to net; and finally the Youghal and other true needlepoint laces.

A good deal of "fuss" is being made about Dr. Mary Walker's idea of an exclusively female community, as if it were an original and strange notion; whilst every convent and every monastery is carried on under that identical plan. Indeed, the men's communities of their own sex alone are far more rigid than the women's in their refusal to associate with the other sex at all; for priests generally officiate in convents, while monks allow no woman within their gates. How hard it is to be really original in this stage of the world's story!

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many persons are doubtless familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised in a very large degree among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled, within a very brief period and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation, to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his modus operandi, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

[The following are extracts from leading journals.]

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCY.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the reverse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency

and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.). These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions, "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCY.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued Eighteenth Edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper with a large circulation:—"MISERABLE. A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in

question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending sixpence in stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follow his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. There has recently been issued a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid:—"My son, Count —, has reduced his weight, in twenty-two days, 16 kilos.—i.e., 34lb." Another writes, 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks.)' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost two pounds in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"

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FOR USE AT ALL SEASONS IS

Beetham's

Ensures Soft White Skin

Glycerine & Cucumber

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
During the Sudden Changes in the Weather, which are so trying to Delicate Skins.

IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c.
Beware of Imitations, many of which are poisonous. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the only genuine. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either Size sent post free for 3d. extra, direct from the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.


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 Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza; cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Clear and give Strength to the Voice of SINGERS, and are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Soothing and Simple, CHILDREN can use them, as they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

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"Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Jan. 17, 1879.

"MARIE ROZE MAPLESON."

Ask for and obtain only "**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**," which, after forty-four years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

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Restores the Colour to Carpets.

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1s. Bottle for six to ten baths.

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Samples and Illustrated Price-Lists Post Free.

Children's Bordered .. 1/3 Hemstitched, Per doz. .. 2/9
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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish-Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner-Napkins, 5/8 per doz.
Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-Cloths, 11½d each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/4½ each.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES also, of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

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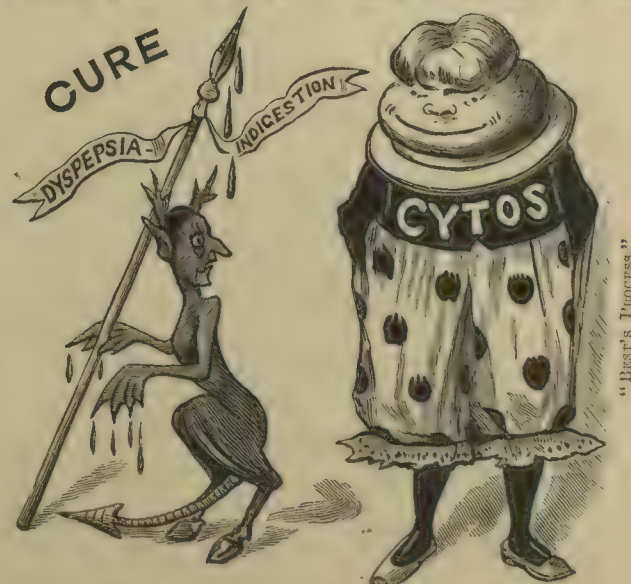
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BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Can be retained on the Stomach when all other Food is rejected.

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The Friend Indigestion to Cytos Bread: "What, you here!! Then, I'm off!"



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 28, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 9, 1895), of Mr. Henry Nathan, formerly of Birmingham, and late of 30, Pembroke Gardens, Bayswater, who died on Aug. 18 at Harrogate, was proved on Oct. 1 by Louis Henry Nathan, the son, John David Moss, and Sigmund Hoffnung, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £153,776. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Jewish Board of Guardians, Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate; £200 to the Jewish Home, Stepney Green; £100 to the Jewish Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Lower Norwood; £100 to the Landesverein zur Erziehung Israelitischer Waisen im Grossherzogthum, Baden; £50 each to the Metropolitan Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), the London Hospital (Whitechapel), the German Hospital (Dalston), the Jews' Free School (Bell Lane, Spitalfields), the Jews' Infant School, the Jewish Westminster School, the Society for Relieving the Aged Needy, the Widows' Home Asylum, the Jewish Blind Society, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the Birmingham Hebrew Board of Guardians, and the Birmingham Hebrew Philanthropic Society; and £20 each to the Birmingham General Hospital, the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, and the Children's Hospital, Birmingham; all free of legacy duty. He leaves £500 and all his household goods, furniture, plate, pictures, books, articles of household use, wines, stores, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Leah Rachel Nathan; his leasehold residence, with the freehold stables, to his wife for life; £50,000, upon trust, to pay the income

to his wife while she continues his widow, and on her marrying again to pay her one half of the income; £12,500 to his son Albert Henry, corresponding with the provision made for his other children; £2500 to Sigmund Sinauer; £100 to Caroline, the widow of his brother Alfred; £500 each to his nephews Morris and Frederick, the sons of his said brother; £1500 each, upon trust, for his nieces Reeka and Alfreda, the daughters of his said late brother, and £100 each on their respective marriages for their trousseaux; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Hoffnung. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third each to his sons Louis Henry and Albert Henry, and one third, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Matilda Moss.

The will (dated June 20, 1895) of Mr. Samuel John Southey, of The Firs, Wexham, near Slough, Bucks, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 24 by Mrs. Hannah Anne Louisa Southey, the widow, John Gillham, and Thomas Challen Greenfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £50,463. The testator gives £150 each to his executors; the household furniture and effects at his dwelling-house, his horses, carriages, live and dead stock, £500, and his leasehold residence, The Firs, to his wife; and a house in St. James's Place, Westminster, and £500, free of legacy duty, to his wife's niece, Caroline Forbes. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, but two thirds of the income of certain short leasehold property at Stepney and Mile End are to be treated as capital. At his wife's death, if Edward Beal, the husband of his niece, Jane Louisa Beal,

be then dead, or twenty-one years after his (testator's) death, whichever shall first happen, the ultimate residue is to be held upon further trust for his said niece for life, and then for her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1894), of Mr. Charles Cardale Babington, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., Fellow of St. John's College and Professor of Botany at Cambridge University, who died on July 22 at 5, Brookside, Cambridge, was proved on Sept. 28 by Mrs. Anna Maria Babington, the widow, and the Rev. Edward Martin Walker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,690. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his wife's brothers, the Rev. Edward Martin Walker, Major John Symen Walker, and the Rev. David Walker; the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Dr. John Proudfoot Stratton, Brigade Surgeon Indian Medical Service, retired, of 51, Nevill Square, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 8 intestate, were granted on Sept. 3 to Mrs. Georgina Anne Stratton, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9946.

The Irish probate sealed at Dublin of the will (dated Jan. 23, 1894), of the Rev. Sir Thomas Pym Bridges, Bart., of Danbury, Essex, who died on Feb. 28, granted to the Rev. Robert Henry Eustace and the Rev. Edward John Harford, the executors, was resealed in London on Sept. 28, the value of the personal estate in the United

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BISHOP'S CITRATE OF CAFFEINE

will send the worst one away; it is the surest and most unfailing cure. As a tonic and stimulant it is perfectly harmless, and it is followed by no bad after effects whatever. It braces up the tired and overworked system, removes all sense of weariness, and gives new life when feeling used up and worn out. It obtained the Highest Award at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and is strongly recommended by the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*. Test it, and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop, inventor of all granular effervescent preparations. Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/1½ and 2/6.



The accumulation of URIC ACID in the system is the cause of GOUT. The one great remedy for this is

**BISHOP'S
CITRATE OF
LITHIA,**
which is unfailingly successful.

OVERHEARD!

"He seemed in splendid health and spirits; he was much the best partner I had that evening."
"You surprise me! though I know he is a charming dancer. But all the Society papers said he was laid up with the Gout."
"And it was true, too, for he had been very bad, but he stuck to Citrate of Lithia, Bishop's, you know, and that soon put him right."

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THE UNFAILING
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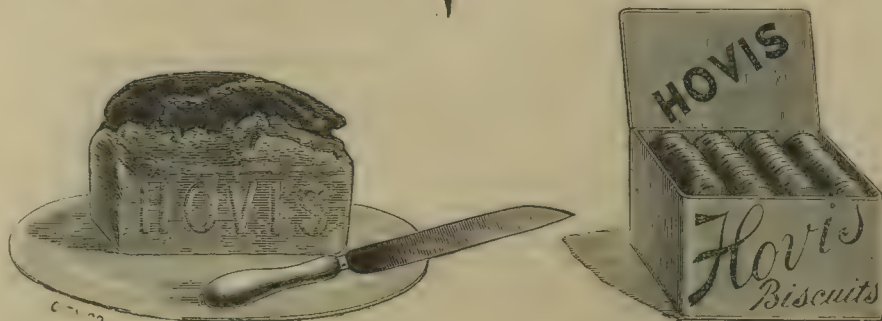
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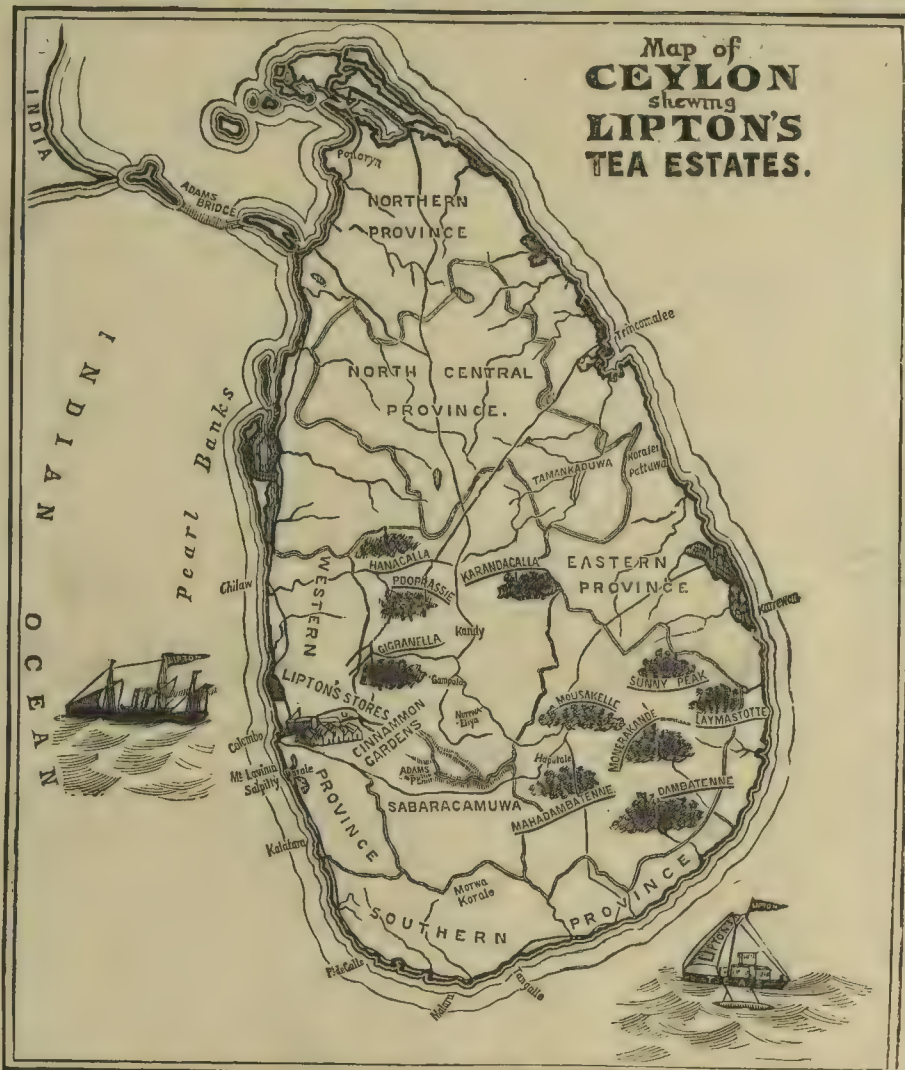
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THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

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ANTI-BILIOUS
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FOR
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ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvelous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

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Kingdom amounting to £2874. The testator states that by the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Eustaco he charged his real estate in the county of Wexford with £7000 for her, and he now charges the said estate with the further sum of £5000 to be paid to the trustees, and held upon the trusts of the said settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his daughters, Emily Henrietta Eustaco and Gertrude Emma Harford.

The will and three codicils of the Rev. Robert Whiston, J.P., of Rochester, who died on Aug. 3, were proved on Sept. 17 by the Rev. Robert Wilmot Whiston, the son, William Harvey Whiston, the nephew, and Mrs. Grace Ethel Whiston, the widow, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6040.

The bridegroom at a recent wedding, or, rather, intended wedding, at South Shields, suddenly drew back from his engagement at the very door of the church, when bride and guests and clergymen were all assembled. In spite of their entreaties he declared he did not want to be married. When arguments failed, his friends took him to a neighbouring public-house, but even "drinks" did not raise his spirits enough to nerve him for the fatal plunge. The bride, in despair, suggested to a constable that the retracting bridegroom should be locked up to consider his ways. The constable did not see his way to such a drastic measure, whereon the bride's courage gave way and she fainted. The bridegroom promptly took advantage of the favourable opportunity and made his escape. The strangest part of the story is that later in the day bride and bridegroom came back and were quietly married.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The Leeds Festival of 1895 will be remembered always for two things, the excellence of the chorus and the extreme beauty of the orchestra. I fear that I cannot add the third, which I fain would add—the fineness of the original works composed especially for the festival. This, however, is to anticipate. On the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 2, the "Messiah" was performed here for the first time, I am authoritatively informed, for some twenty-five years. No more superb interpretation of that work could be desired, and if it takes a full quarter of a century to prepare so splendid a performance, I can only wish—however suspiciously my remark may sound—that Leeds will allow that space of time once more to elapse before it essays the "Messiah" again. After all, to rise to such a work four times in a century is enough for the purposes of great art. Madame Albani sang the soprano part with her customary vitality and energy; Mr. Edward Lloyd was at his splendid best; Mr. Norman Salmond sang well; and Miss Sarah Berry, at a moment's notice, was quite adequate in the contralto part.

The evening of Wednesday brought forth Dr. Parry's "Invocation to Music," his new composition, set to the words of Mr. Robert Bridges. It is a learned composition, full of thoughtfulness and cleverness; but, judged as inspired work, it takes, I very much fear, a somewhat second-rate place in musical art. Dr. Parry's style, by reason of his very learning, is becoming so monotonous in its resolute eccentricity that I can only compare him to an outworn and tired writer, relying upon his past to make suitable essays for his present. It is but a comparison, no

doubt; and I have considerable hopes that Dr. Parry will at any moment discover as fresh and new a vein as he once showed us when he composed his "Lamentations of Job." Miss Macintyre, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Ben Davies were satisfactory as the soloists; and I imagine that even Dr. Parry's desires were satisfied by the fortissimo of the chorus. The "Invocation" was followed by a wonderfully noble rendering of the "Jupiter Symphony"—a rendering full of vitality, sensitiveness, and beauty. The concert concluded with a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," in which Mr. Andrew Black made his debut at the festival. He sang like a true artist.

On Thursday morning we were presented with a perfect performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" and a complete performance (with occasional cuts) of "The Flying Dutchman." I have quite recently heard the same opera performed at Munich, and I am bound to say that, with the exception of the German advantage given by stage-management, the English performances were immeasurably superior. Of course this exception means so much that it is quite an independent discussion as to whether it was even justifiable for the Leeds Musical Festival Committee to permit a platform performance of the work. But Mr. Black as the Dutchman, Mr. Ben Davies as Erik, and Mr. Bispham as Daland were, each in his way, so much better than the German singers of the parts that the two interpretations, from this point of view, can scarcely be compared. The choruses were, perhaps, too loud and strenuous for Wagner's purpose, but there can be no doubt that, so far, the Leeds performance was one of considerable refinement and interest.

On Thursday evening and on Friday morning, respectively, two new works were produced by English composers,

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very different in value—the first an orchestral suite by Mr. Edward German; the second a cantata set to Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" by Mr. Arthur Somervell. Mr. German's work was distinctly clever, one movement—the "Valse Gracieuse"—being especially delicate and charming; he has a fine sense of orchestral colouring, which at times, indeed, runs to exaggeration, at other times becomes eccentric by reason of a somewhat pretentious thinness. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt about its cleverness. Mr. Somervell's work, on the other hand, has really no particular interest; it is quiet enough, but entirely lacks distinction. If Mr. Somervell would make a fortune, let him turn his attention to the composition of the gay and festive drawing-room ballad. The other novelty, which may be dismissed in a word, was produced on the Friday evening (Oct. 4), and was composed by M. Massenet; altogether a wretched piece of work, full of

tricks and devices which could not for a moment appeal to any mind as possessing any importance. For the rest, the festival was a magnificent success. Whether in "The Creation" or in "The Golden Legend" or in "Paradise and the Peri," or in the "Christmas Oratorio," the choir proved itself to be made of splendid, even of heroic, stuff. Beethoven's Mass in D was perhaps too much for it, as it would be for any earthly choir, but even that stupendous work was at least sung meritoriously. Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" was also given; and although I cannot approve of the taste which claims for this composition any other character than "dull for the most part," there cannot be two opinions about the care and conscientiousness with which it was performed at Leeds.

As to the separate performers, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Andrew Black carried away the honours of the week easily. Madame Albani was wonderful, of course, in her

vocal strength and power; Mr. David Bispham was certainly extremely well equipped for all he undertook to do; and Miss Macintyre, Miss Marian Mackenzie, and Mr. Ben Davies were all adequate for every call upon their powers. The rest were of average merit, and included the names of Miss Sarah Berry, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Watkin Mills, and others. Sir Arthur Sullivan, to conclude, conducted with extreme care and intelligence a festival that must in nearly every way be regarded as a triumphant success.

It was stated at a meeting of the City Commission of Sewers at Guildhall that sixty-four tons of bad meat were seized in London during one week in September, an unprecedented quantity. Of 200,000 rabbits at the cold air stores, 26,150 were condemned.

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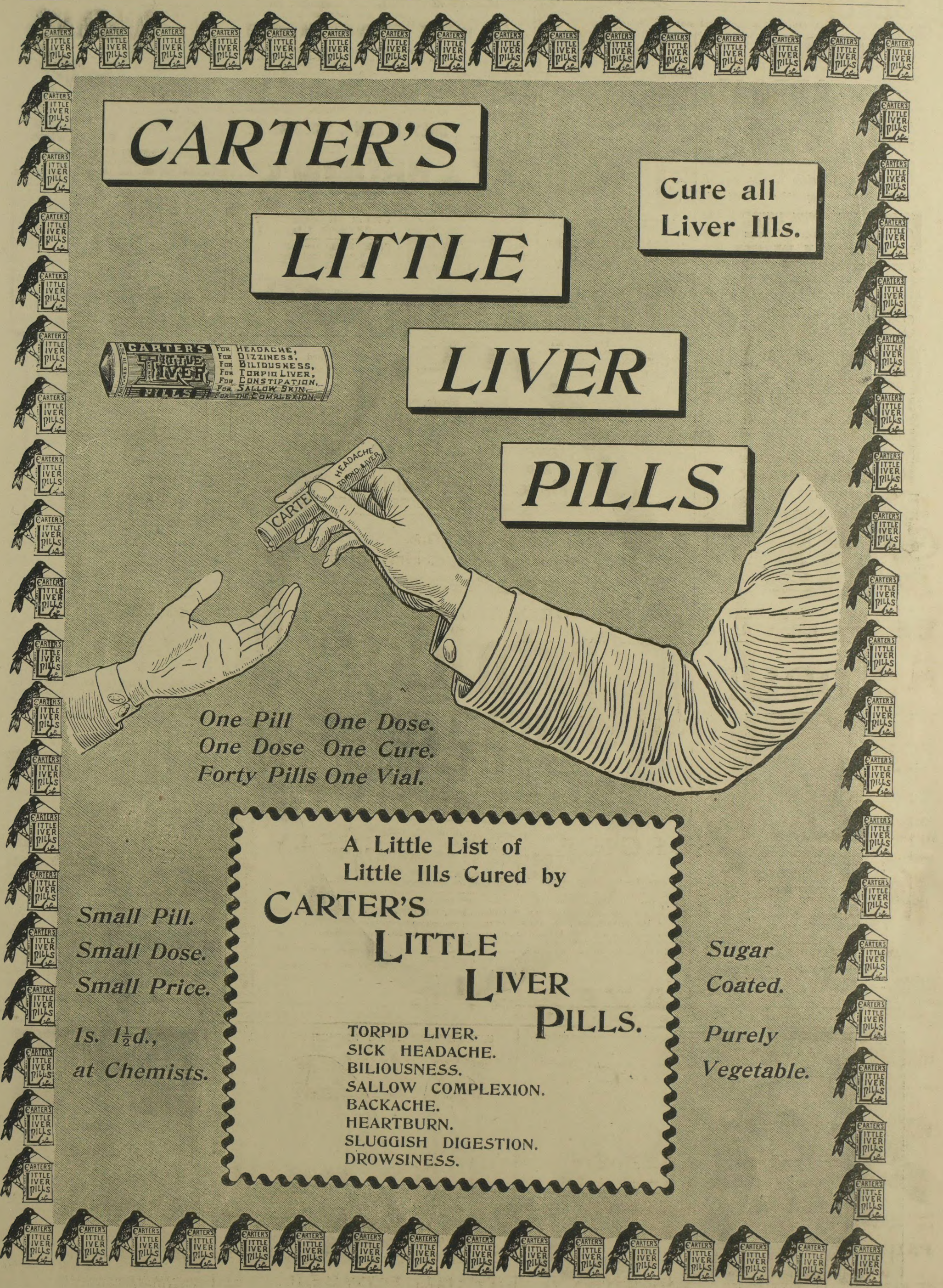
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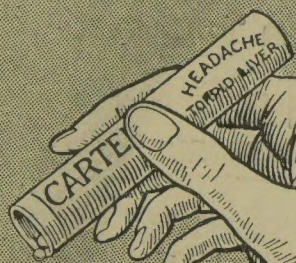
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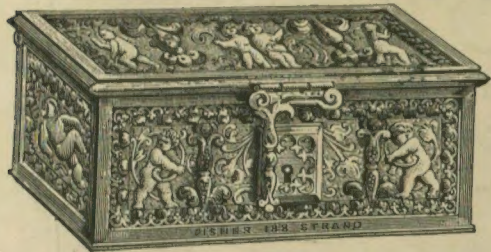
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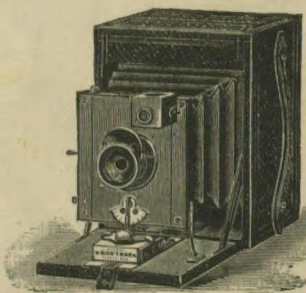
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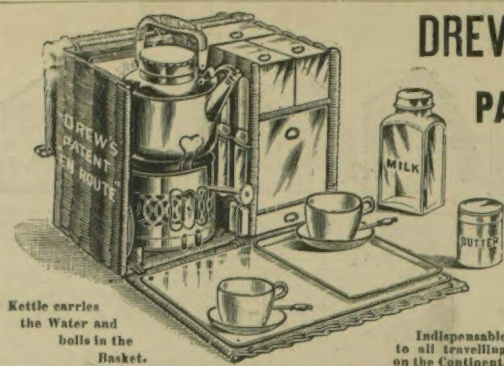
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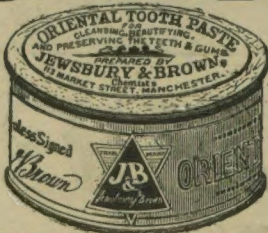
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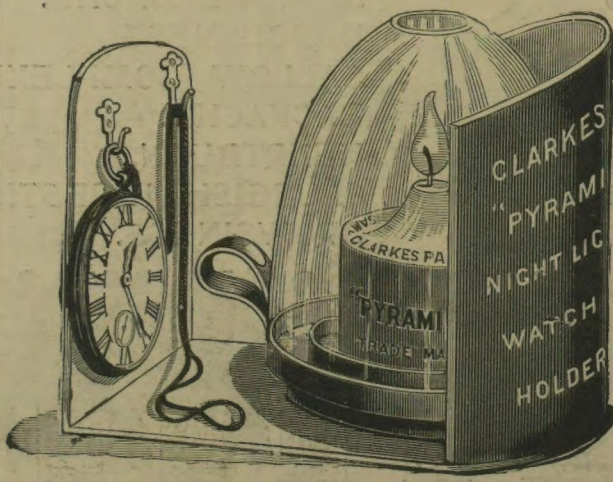
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